The McCarthy Campaign by Andrew Kopkind

Ramparts

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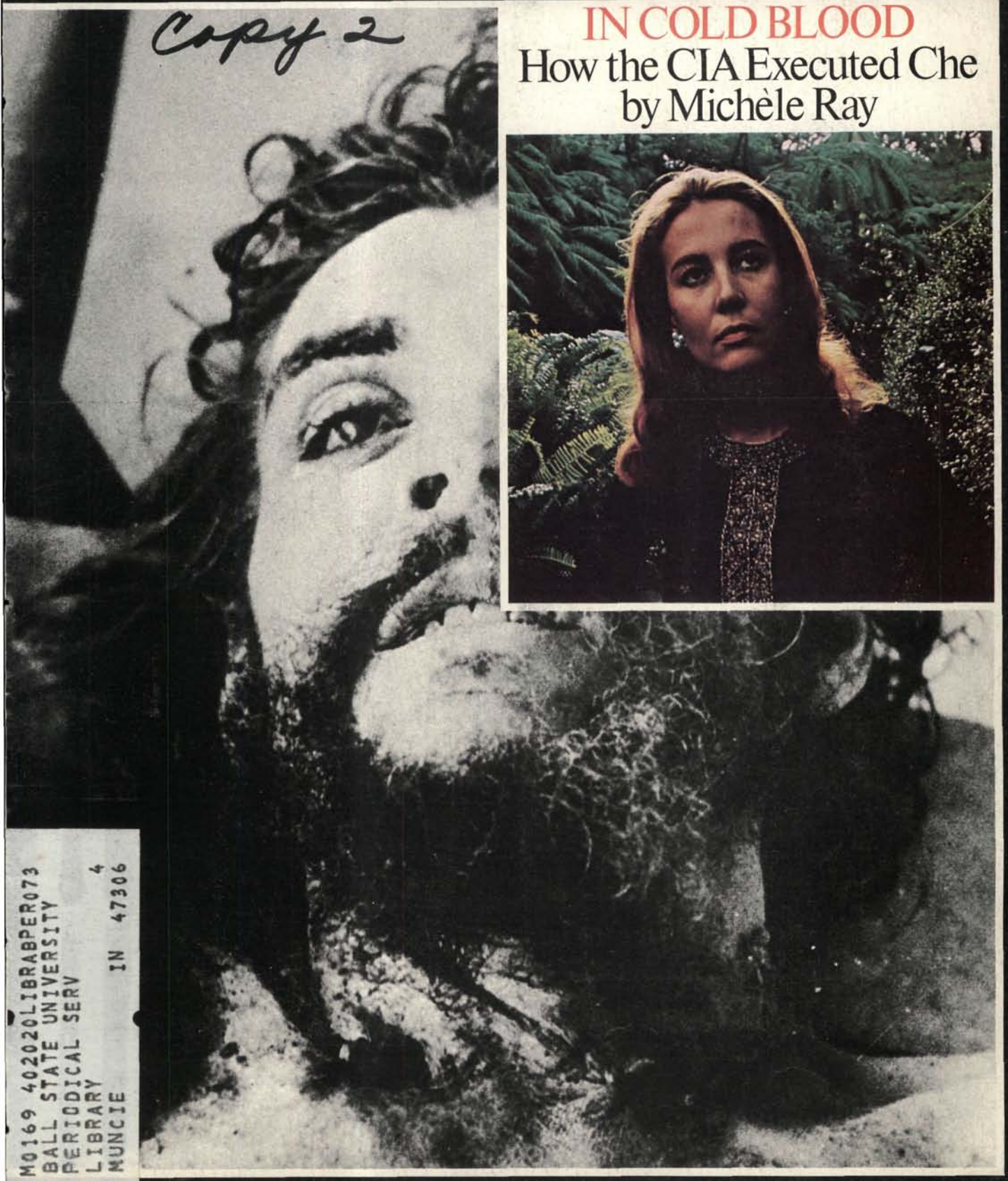

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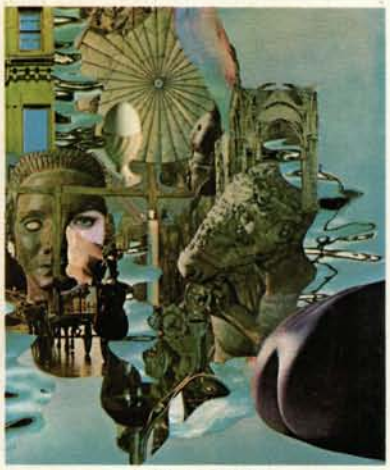

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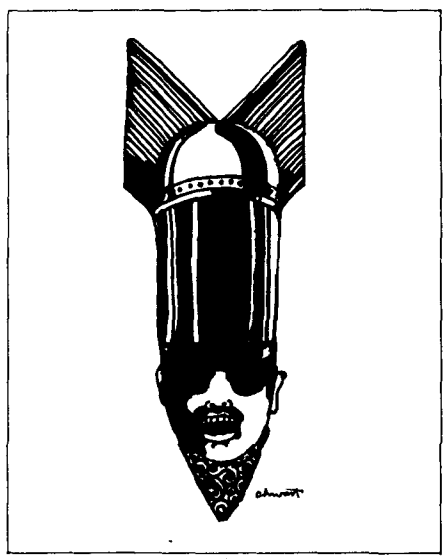

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Ramparts

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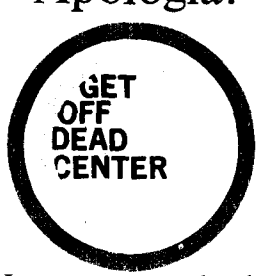

IF YOU HAVE NOT already had it with slogans in this election year, RAMPARTS has one all its own. (*See cut*). We haven't yet figured what we're going to charge for such classy living color buttons, but if you write in we'll make a deal: cheaper by the dozen.

Howard Gossage, the Holden Caulfield of the advertising world, has still another election year campaign: as in describing spades, call the Department of Defense by its real name, which is the Department of War. Massive enthusiasm for this idea should be tempered by the fact that the last secretary of War jumped out a window.

For a magazine, this place makes better sense as an underground railway. Last fall's Great Escape came when consulting editor Stanley Sheinbaum smuggled the Military Junta's star witnesses against Andreas Papandreou out of Greece; now pretty Michèle Ray—who is the closest thing to Brenda Starr being manufactured—has spirited the only journalist with firsthand knowledge of the murder of Che Guevara (and of our CIA's involvement therein) from Brazil to Paris, whence he will away to New York to support the extraordinary charges she makes beginning on page 21.

In case you were wondering where the troops are, Andy Kopkind has been chasing McCarthy (p. 50), Gene Marine has been chasing Reagan (for April), Bill Turner is in New Orleans with Garrison, Bob Scheer is in Moscow, Idaho, with David Halberstam and Don Duncan is wending his way back to Vietnam. The rest of us are busy trying to get off dead center.—W.H.

Cover photographs: Che by Paris Match; Michèle Ray by Stan Ciccone

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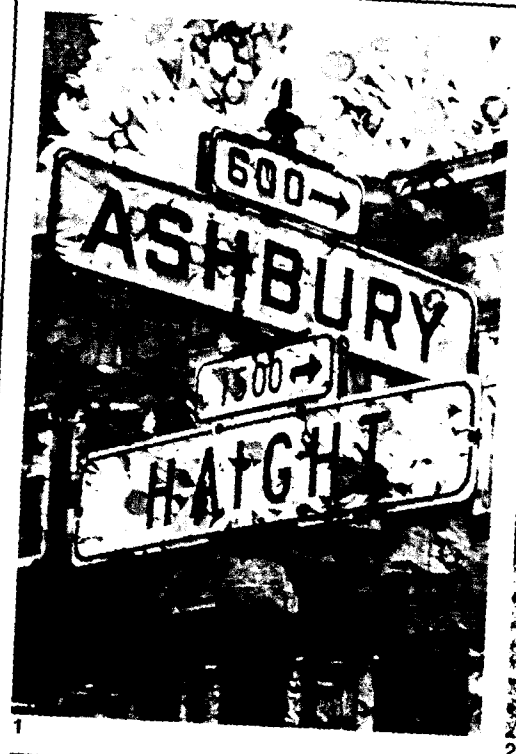

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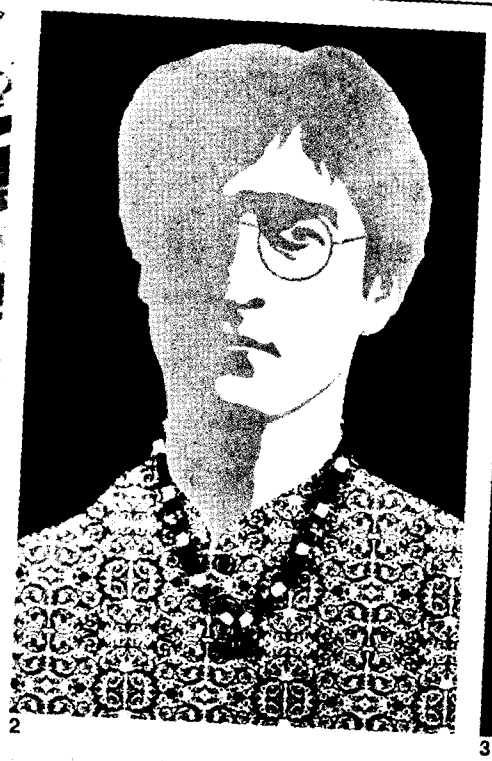
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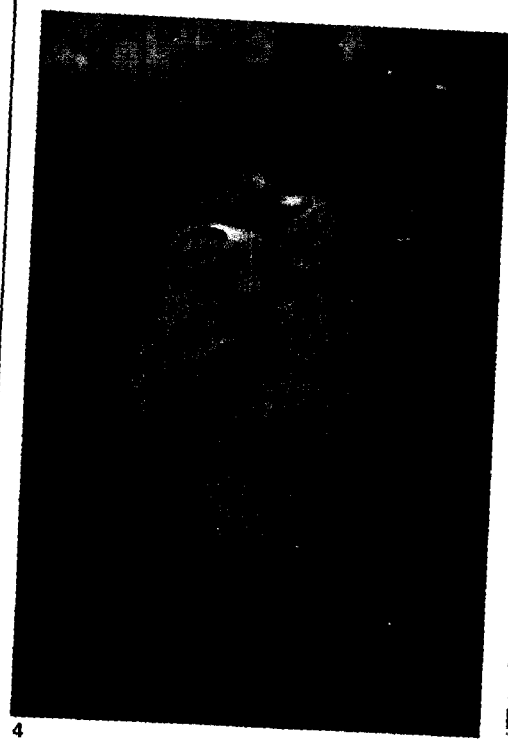
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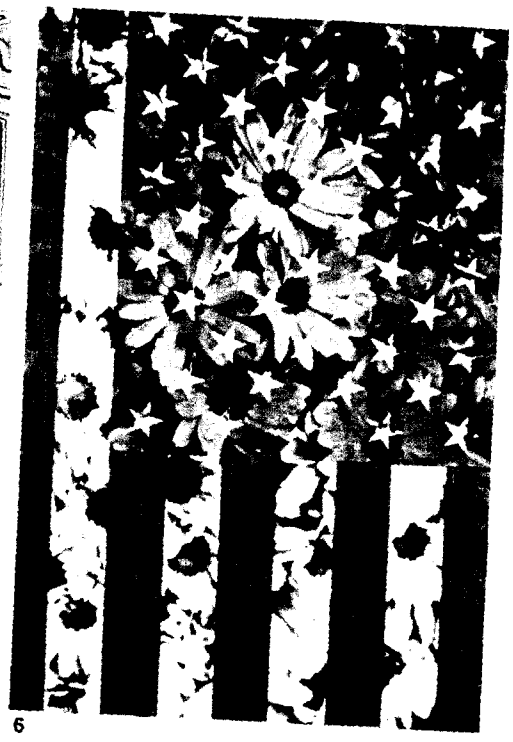
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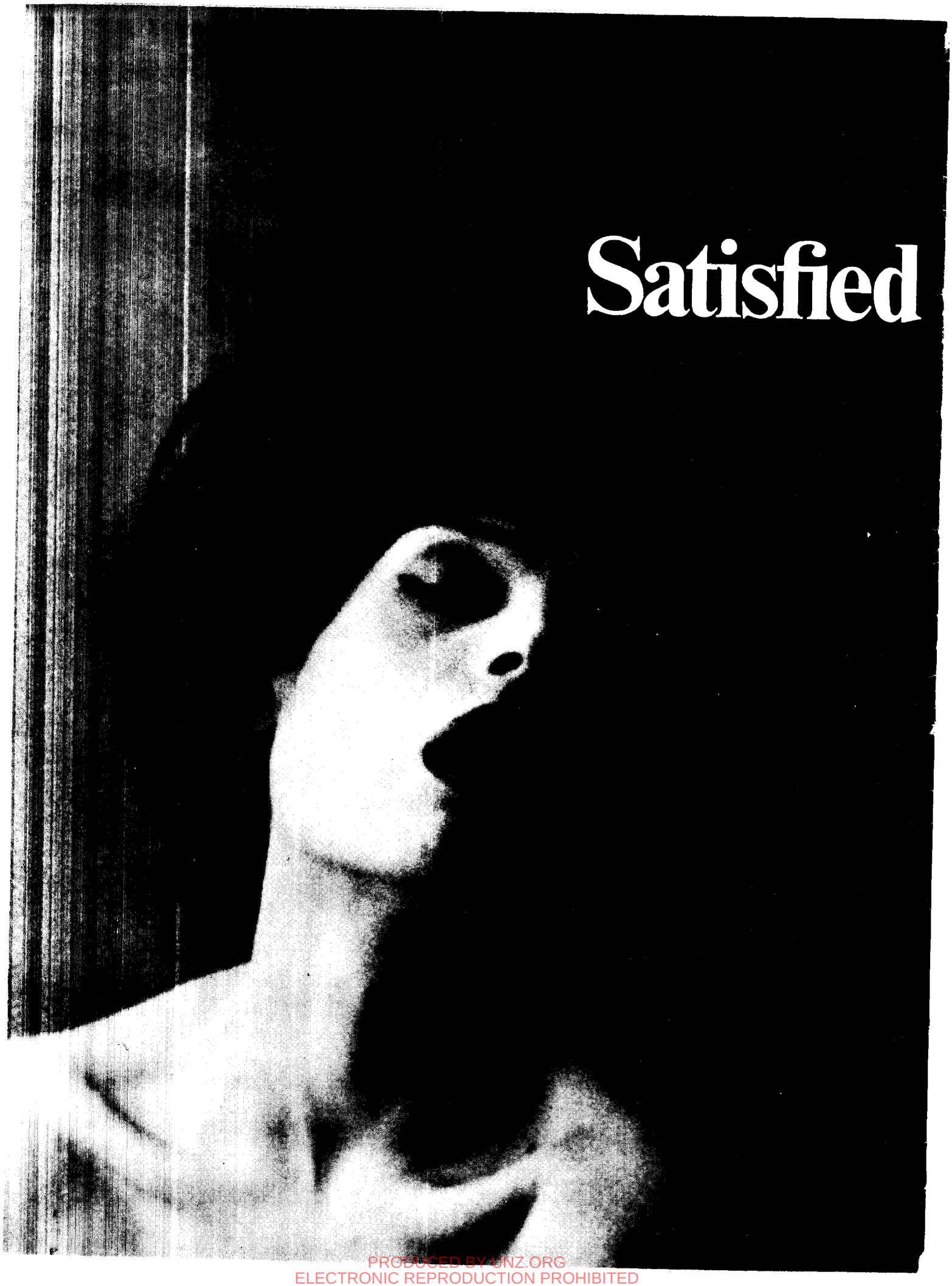

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Pictured on the opposite page is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

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In short, **Avant-Garde** is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** are not cheap. They can't be. **Avant-Garde** is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions sell for $10 per year.

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Marginalia

Letters:

A BURNING QUESTION

SIRS: This morning's New York Times described your December cover and it sounds like a dandy.

Many people (some of whom have the potential to become the most adamant supporters of your stand) view draft card burning as unpatriotic and irresponsible.

Speaking from the distaff side may I suggest that you put a gentle smile on your faces and sock it to them.

MARIAN SHANLEY
Irvington, New Jersey

THE GARRISON COMMISSION

SIRS: If NBC, CBS, Newsweek, the CIA, the FBI and all other concerns are so sure of Jim Garrison ["The Garrison Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy," RAMPARTS, January 1968] being wrong in his investigation, why not allow him free reign and see if he makes the ass out of himself they all think he will? If Garrison's wrong, think of the laughs all these people will have. If Garrison's right, think of all the faith we had in our federal government.

R. C. HOOD JR
Fullerton, California

SIRS: Just a note to commend your writer on the recent Jim Garrison story. He interpreted correctly the UPI pick-up of the AP report of the threat by U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark against Jim Garrison. The remark, as your writer said, indicated a state of mind. As the reporter who picked up the line, I can describe the background.

Following a speech at the University of Virginia, Oct. 13, Clark, several law students, and a reporter resembling a student talked privately on stage. Clark answered the reporter's probing by saying, "Much as I may hate to do it, I just might have to prosecute Jim Garrison . . . he took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal aggrandizement." When asked what Garrison would obtain by bringing a groundless, losing case, Clark answered, "Perhaps Garrison is not as logical as you are."

Clark also denied Garrison's assertion that the government has a large secret file of documents on the assassination. The only records not open to public inspection, he said, are those pertaining to President Kennedy's corpse. These are being withheld until the demise of the President's children.

Following Clark's denial that the Garrison prosecution statement was ever made, I contacted his office. The upshot was a note from press officer Cliff Sessions which could be interpreted as backtracking on the denial. Sessions said, "The Attorney General issued no statement on your story. In response to several inquiries, I released the following statement on the day after your story was carried by the AP: 'The Attorney General discussed this matter hypothetically. He stated no conclusion. The Department of Justice has no plans for any case against Mr. Garrison.' "

This differed from the denial carried by the AP, Oct. 14, which read: "However, a spokesman for the Justice Department in Washington said the department has no plans for bringing a case *at this time* [italics added]. The spokesman further denied that Clark had accused Garrison of ruining prominent New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw."

Observers and friends of Clark maintain the whole thing was a simple unguarded-moment incident. I have found no evidence to the contrary. But it's a reporter's job to have an essential distrust of innocence.

REY BARRY
The Daily Progress
Charlottesville, Virginia

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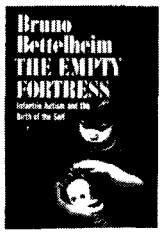

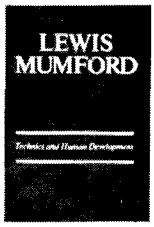

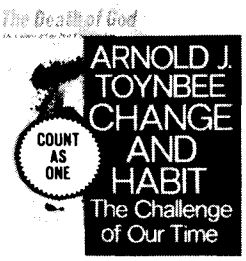

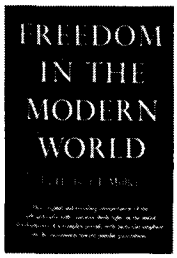

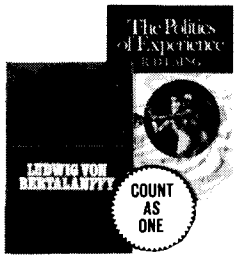

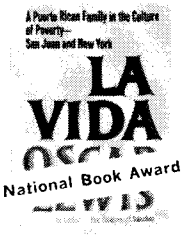

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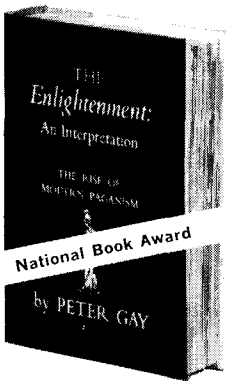

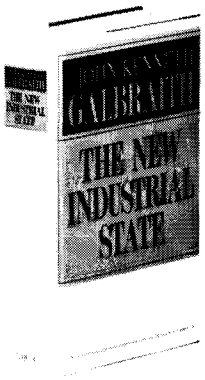

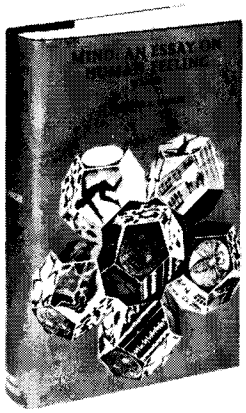

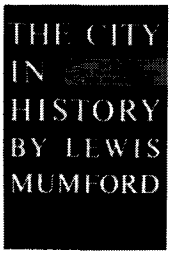

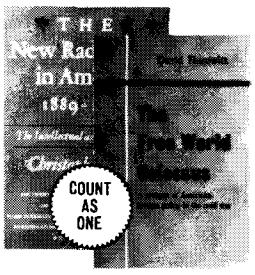

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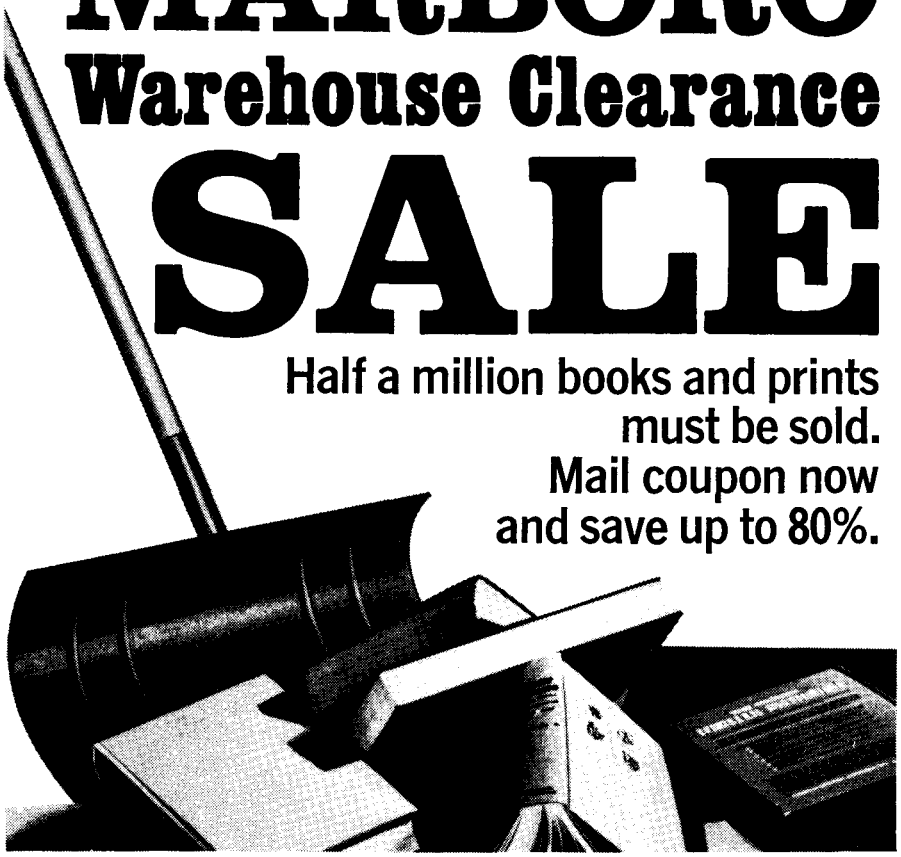

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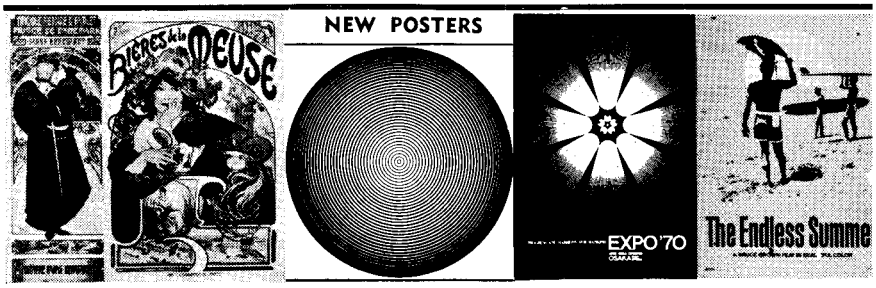

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Régis Debray, author of Revolution in the Revolution?, *is a French journalist who traveled to Bolivia to interview Che Guevara. He was arrested by Bolivian authorities, tried and sentenced to 30 years in prison. The following are excerpts from his final speech to the military court, an important document in Latin American revolutionary history.*

"I DO NOT CARE WHETHER OR not you please the prosecutor with your final sentence—what I do care is to be rightly sentenced for what I am and have done. He who has taken the revolutionary road exposes himself sooner or later to jail or violent death. I see nothing abnormal in this, no reason to be scandalized. But what I will never allow is that a political sentence based on an ideological offense be disguised as a criminal sentence; that a role be assigned to me in the guerrilla organization which I never played; and that a declaration of political and moral co-responsibility should be taken for a "confession of guilt." Guilt for what? And according to what criterion? Political? I admit. Criminal? Inadmissible.

Let this be said: we will sentence him because he is a Marxist-Leninist; because he wrote *Revolution in the Revolution?*, a book that in his absence was read to a few guerrilla fighters; we will sentence him because he is a confessed and declared admirer of Fidel Castro and because he came here to talk to Che and was on guard duty two or three times within the camp, as was any visitor. Very good, I have nothing to object.

But if I am told: "We will sentence him because he twice entered the country as a spy, because he delivered maps to Che, because he gave a course to the guerrillas, because he was a political commissar, intellectual author of subversion or a combatant in ambush"—then I say no, I protest because all that is a series of tales, of lies entirely unsubstantiated.

Why does a noncombatant declare himself co-responsible with the deeds of the revolutionary fighters? Allow me to make a comparison.

Miners' blood was shed on Midsummer Eve. In the middle of the night the Army entered the mines. At dawn there were 27 dead at the mine, 27 families mourning in silence. All who wear a military uniform are, in my opinion, equally responsible for what was done that night because, firstly, you do not condemn these actions but approve of them; then, because of discipline you would have participated in such actions if you had been ordered to do so; finally, you have not given up your uniforms after Midsummer Eve.

Nobody, except the insane and the fascists, likes the fact that men have to make history by killing. But if you want to speak about crimes, where are the innocents? All of us here, judges and defendants, are accomplices of crimes. Neither do you represent peace and

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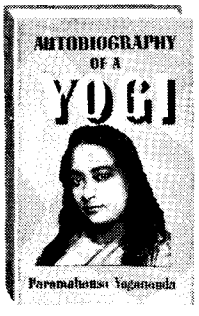

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happiness, nor do we violence and pain. Between the military violence and the guerrilla violence, between the violence which represses and the violence which releases, everyone chooses a side. Crimes against crimes—which of them are we to decide that we are co-responsible for, or accomplices to or concealers of? You chose some, I chose others.

Was the ambush* cruel? No doubt; every ambush is. Did innocent ones, soldiers and officers fall? It is true. Were, perhaps, the Bolivian soldiers who fell in Altos de La Paz in 1952, under the bullets of the miners, individually responsible for *latifundismo*, for the wages of misery? Were the Alto-Peruvian soldiers, who, defending Spanish power, fell under the bullets of the Lanza brothers, responsible for monarchical absolutism, for the turning of free Indians into servitude? Evidently, they weren't. In all those periods of history, the men in uniform were the first victims of the exploitation and repression they defended, without being aware, in most cases, of what they represented. For this reason, those victims deserve consideration, and their relatives, compassion. The acts of revolutionary war do not oppose individuals—all of them have family, parents, children, loves, childhood—but mere representatives of two irreconcilable orders. These acts of war are the fruit of social, economic and moral antagonism which exist independently from the will of their actors, previously to them. The tragedy, of course, lies in the fact that those who fall are not abstract, interchangeable objects, numbers, instruments, but precisely, on both sides, irreplaceable individuals. This is the tragedy of history, of any history, of any revolution. Those who face each other in combat are not persons, but the interests of the different classes and ideas; but those who fall, those who die, are persons, are men. One cannot avoid this contradiction, escape this pain.

THE PROSECUTOR RELATED that I had brought to the Bolivian guerrillas "the instruction of my master Fidel." Undoubtedly, he meant by that that the Bolivian guerrillas received instructions from abroad. He knows this is false. They received orders from no one except the chief they themselves chose from within, Ernesto Che Guevara. The CIA itself had to return to Washington without having been able to prove the existence of even one of these supposedly given instructions! And how could the CIA uncover that which did not exist? Fidel does not nor can he give instructions to anybody because no man, regardless of how great he might be, how lucid, how generous he might be, can dictate the course of history, prevent the inevitable or do the impossible. No man can instruct any other man to sacrifice himself for the cause of freedom, because men do not give up their comfort, their children, the light of day; men do not die on instructions from anyone but for a conviction, for an intimate election irrevocably personal.

But in this there is an even more insulting word: "master." The only master is he who enriches himself from the work of the poor people of Bolivia, he who exploits and humiliates, who sacks and represses, who has invested his dollars here, in the Bolivian soil: it is Mr. Johnson. Cuba does not have dollars or privileges to offer to anyone, it has nothing to offer but its example: sacrifice, courage, austerity. Between the master and

*The guerrilla ambush of March 23 at Nancahuazu, in which seven Bolivian government soldiers were killed.

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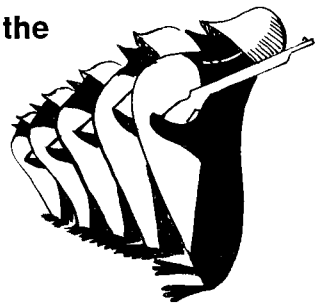

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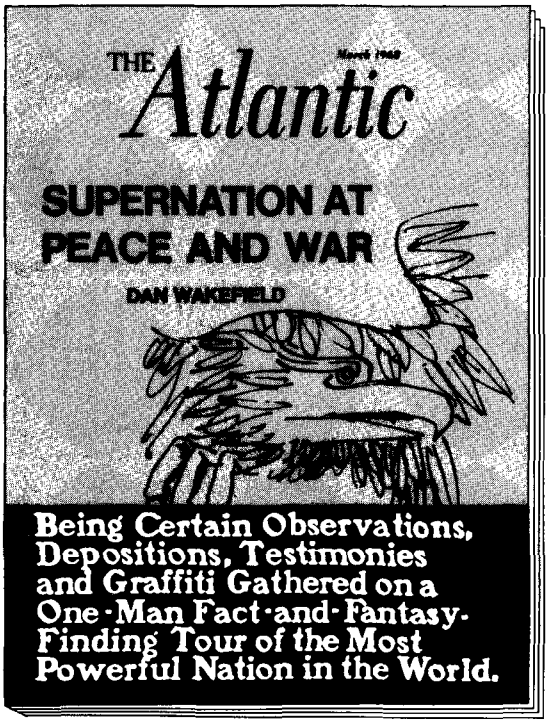
the model friend, between Johnson and Fidel, each one must choose.

A civilian lawyer stated his fear that the defense asking for mercy denies to the victors the right to judge the defeated. But who wishes to ask for mercy here? Who dared talk about victors? Che defeated because he died? There are men who are even more dangerous dead than alive. For us, Che now begins to live.

No, I will never plead for pardon for the defeated. I will never address you as victors. On the contrary, I will tell you that although I am certain I am innocent of the charges made against me, to you I am guilty for believing in the final victory of Che in the near future, guilty for wanting to fulfill the pledge irreversibly contracted by anyone who has had the privilege of witnessing Che live, think and fight, the pledge of remaining faithful to him and following his example, as far as he is able, to the last.

I will do my best to deserve one day the extreme honor that I will be surely granted when you condemn me for what I have not done, but wish to do now more than ever. And in all serenity, with all my heart, I thank you beforehand for the severe penalty I expect from you.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Southeast Asia:

THE TWO KOREAS

by David Horowitz

"I WOULD SAY THAT the entire, almost the entire Korean peninsula is just a terrible mess. Everything is destroyed. There is nothing standing worthy of the name. Just before the Chinese came in we were grounded. There were no more targets in Korea."

This grim report of American efficiency, with its air of cold finality, was given more than a decade and a half ago by General Emmett (Rosie) O'Donnell, then head of the U.S. Bomber Command in the Far East. It is out of the ashes of this pre-Vietnam proving ground that the "Democratic People's Republic of Korea" has risen, phoenix-like, to challenge once again the armed power of the American colossus.

A Japanese satellite (like Vietnam) until the end of the Second World War, a Soviet satellite in the early Cold War period, North Korea has unexpectedly emerged from its devastation by the American Air Force as one of the most successful and independent countries of the Sino-Soviet bloc. Leaning to one side and now another in the Sino-Soviet dispute, the North Koreans are recognized even in U.S. State Department publications as occupying a "nonaligned," nationalist-oriented position within the communist camp. This is no mean feat for a small country (population: 12 million) so recently at war with the United States, and it is no accident that the Koreans usually line up at communist gatherings with the other two small, underdeveloped communist states which have directly challenged American power: Cuba and Vietnam.

North Korea's recent industrialization drive and her quest for political auton-

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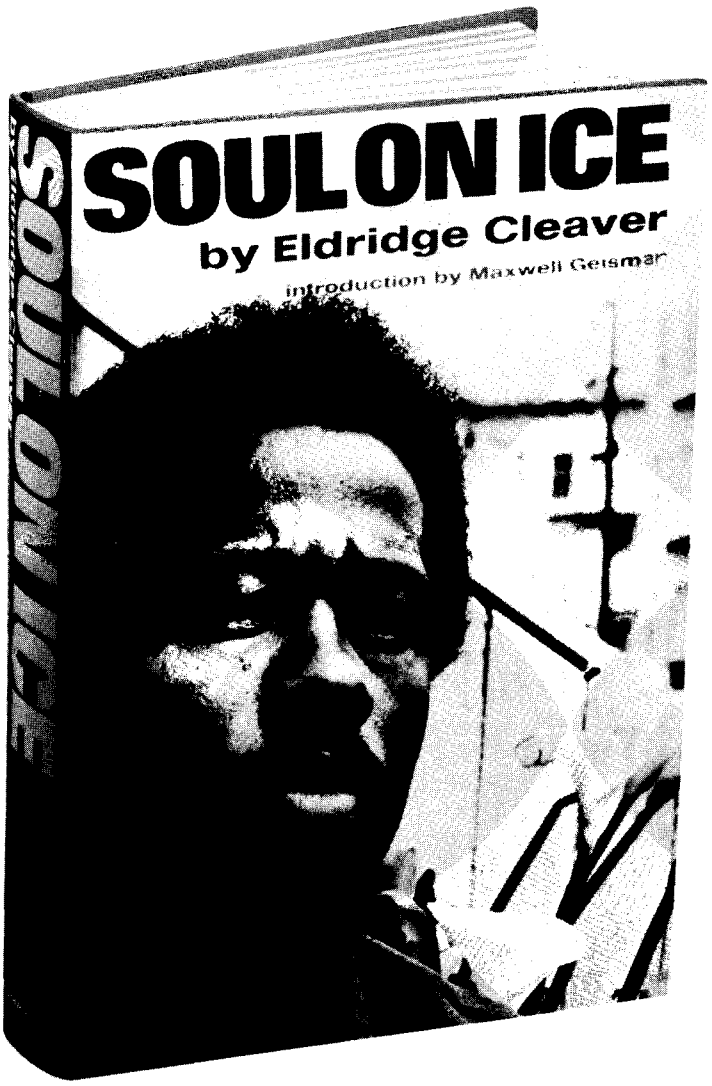

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omy have been closely related. "Economic independence is the basis of political independence," as the official party organ puts it. To implement this program, North Korea's Seven-Year Plan provided, for example, for the development of Korean processing plants for Korean ores, so that the country would not have to assume the dependent economic position of a supplier of raw materials.

The Russians, who had previously announced their willingness to aid Korea's developing mining industries, had their ardor cooled when they became aware of these plans and when, shortly afterwards, North Korea shifted its line towards the Peking side of the Sino-Soviet dispute. Following Khrushchev's climbdown in the Cuban missile crisis, the North Koreans began to air their grievances against Russia's attitude, charging that the Soviet Union, "assuming the arrogance of a suzerain nation, wants to have everything its own way." Moscow's response to these complaints was to cut off all aid, thereby sabotaging the Korean production program and causing it to fall short of its projected goals.

But the Koreans did not remain long in the Chinese camp. Disillusioned like the Cubans with China's extreme factionalism (which weakened the bloc's defense of Vietnam) and with China's paper tiger effectiveness in providing the Vietnamese with actual aid, and apprehensive over Washington's steady escalation of the war, the North Koreans made a partial rapprochement with the Russians, and asserted themselves as an independent party in the dispute, identified most clearly with the political line of unity and firmness put forward by Havana and Hanoi. Indeed, in pursuit of their defensive campaign against the American Goliath, these three Davids have come to form an independent third force within the larger communist orbit.

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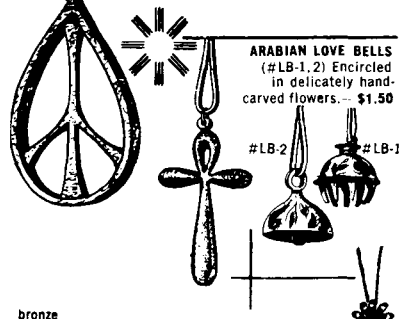

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IF THE POSTWAR political evolution of this one-time Soviet satellite is both intriguing and instructive, it is overshadowed by the truly remarkable story of the country's economic recovery and advance. A predominantly agricultural area before the war, with 74 per cent of the population engaged in farm production, North Korea is today regarded primarily as an industrial nation. Since World War II, her industrial output has grown more than eight times while her agricultural output has doubled. In some key areas, such as the production of electrical power, North Korea has approached the levels of Italy and Japan. So striking has been her advance that in the judgment of the eminent Keynesian Joan Robinson: "All the economic miracles of the postwar world are put in the shade by these achievements."

Impressive as it is in its own terms, North Korea's economic success is incalculably magnified by the dismal failure of South Korea's own recovery program. For despite more than $4 billion in U.S. economic aid (Washington still pays about 25 per cent of the South Korean budget), there seems to be no way out of the morass of official corruption, economic stagnation and widespread misery that has characterized this state from its beginning. Full employment in the North contrasts with mass *un*employment in the South (between 13 and 25 per cent of the labor force). With less than half the population, the North produces five and a half times the electricity, 16 times the steel, ten times the fertilizer, four times the cement and twice as much coal as does the South. Moreover, in contrast with the usual bad

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straits in which communist countries find themselves with respect to agriculture, North Korea now manages to produce as much rice and wheat as the primarily agricultural South.

"IF SOUTH KOREA HAD some form of even semi-democratic regime to contrast with North Korea's one-party state, Washington might be able to salvage some political capital from its massive intervention in this benighted land, and the general political situation with regard to the peninsula might be less permanently explosive. As things are, having begun its crusade for freedom in Korea on behalf of the Diem-like dictator Syngman Rhee, and having been forced to watch Rhee's overthrow by a student revolt in 1960, Washington is now backing South Korea's "Marshal Ky," the former general and now "President," Chung Hee Park.

So intensely does the Park regime fear coexistence with the successful North that in the summer of 1966 Kim Hyung Koo, director of South Korea's Central Intelligence Agency, publicly warned that "Any person who demands intercourse between South and North Korea shall be severely punished under the Anti-Communist Law as a subversive element who benefits the enemy." (Thus, even here the Vietnam parallel holds; for the South fears any talk of unification, while the North expresses the nationalist sentiment by insisting on it.)

Moreover, the South Korean regime's fear of the "miracle" in the North is no mere figment of its imagination (though trigger-happy censors have even gone so far as to black out a recent cover of Newsweek which featured the Russian Revolution). Some years ago, 70,000 Korean refugees residing in Japan, many of whom originated in the South, chose repatriation to the North rather than return to poverty and repression in their homeland. The 55,000 U.S. troops still in Korea are very much needed to man the border between the two countries (the Chinese forces left the North long ago), forming a kind of Korean Berlin Wall (with not even a postal connection as there is in Germany) whose chief purpose would seem to be to keep the "free" Koreans from learning how well their "slave" brothers live.

Like Vietnam, Korea represents one section of the globe where the "free world" patently can't meet the test of

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by Paul Krassner

"MY LAWYER JUST PHONED and said that the district attorney will dismiss the case if I say I was present at the demonstration as a journalist.

I can't resort to that cop-out.

Actually, I was present neither as a reporter nor a protester. You see, I moonlight as a part-time rapist and, quite coincidentally, was on my way to Central Park to report for work to my supervisor (who, incidentally, started mugging purely as a hobby, ended up organizing a union, became foreman and the rest is geography) when I got stuck in the middle of this crowd which was successfully picketing some wooden barriers and all of a sudden the police proceeded to push us in a northerly direction.

Afraid for our skulls, we cooperated. But there was a red light. *Cross at the green and not in between*, I remembered. I turned around and shouted to the officers: "There are cars coming! We have to wait!"

The police then conspired with the demonstrators to disrupt traffic on 59th Street. When we got across, they began gently swinging their clubs.

A policeman kept plucking at my elbow. "Where do you want me to go?" I asked. He pretended he was acting in "Persona" and said nothing. "You're not *arresting* me, are you?" He repeated nothing. "What am I charged with?" He remained mute as he led me to the paddy wagon.

We were frisked for weapons and taken to 100 Center Street, our home away from home. Night court. We didn't even bother going to a local precinct

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first. For this particular occasion, the middleman had been eliminated. Along with due process.

We were not told what our rights were. Those we were already familiar with—such as the right to make a telephone call—were denied. What I really wanted to do was call Eartha Kitt.

We were all asked if we used "junk." Personally, I use only the finest stuff on the market.

Polaroid cameras were in the arsenal, and we each had our photo taken standing side by side with the arresting officer. "Hey," I whispered to mine, "where we gonna go after the prom?"

Meanwhile, the demonstration was continuing.

Moviegoers coming out of the Paris Theatre, where the film version of Camus' *The Stranger* was appropriately first-running in New York City, were treated on this evening of January 24th to a second feature: an outdoor ritual ballet staged in front of the plush Plaza Hotel by a winter stock company of protesters and policemen.

Inside, the Diamond Ball was gathering moss.

"Protest the Festival of the Vultures," announced a leaflet sponsored by a dozen organizations ranging from the Pageant Players, a street theatre troupe, to the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, and including BAND, or Blacks Against Negative Dying. "What is a vulture? A vulture lives off death. It gets its nourishment from dying flesh!"

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ernor to counteract guilt by association with his family, which owns Chase Manhattan Bank (a heavy investor in South Africa), McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft (the stock shoots up as the planes get shot down), RCA-NBC (electronics-radio-TV manipulation), Standard Oil (supplier of oil for the planes that get shot down, importing 1.6 million barrels a day from Mideast oil fields).

Roger Lewis, President of General Dynamics, major recipient of defense contracts, enjoying a 30 per cent increase in profits during the 1965-66 period of the Vietnam war alone.

George D. Woods, predecessor to Robert McNamara at the World Bank, chief U.S. weapon for the financial penetration and domination of foreign countries and economies.

Hubert H. Humphrey, retired druggist.

Before he arrived at nine p.m., the police had forced the demonstration to evolve into mobile tactics, a portion of which found itself at Rockefeller Center where an outdoor ice-skating party was being sponsored by Kennedy-for-President fans. Some of them were hauled in by police too. After all, a banner's a banner.

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MEANWHILE, I STILL didn't know what I was being charged with. As it turned out, of the 30-odd persons arrested, most were charged with the legal cover-all, "Disorderly Conduct," including a group dressed as Keystone cops and clubbing each other, a performance which inspired the Real Fuzz to join in, using actual nightsticks.

Keith Lampe of the New York Workshop in Non-Violence had obtained a peddler's license. He wasn't arrested but lost two brand-new unsharpened pencils in the fracas.

Ben Morea of Black Mask tried to rescue someone who was conducting an involuntary investigation of police brutality and was charged with interfering with an arrest. The helmet he was wearing got cracked in the process.

Tom Neumann of the East Side Service Organization arrived swathed in blood-soaked bandages. As a gesture of obeisance to the great god Public Relations, he was not arrested.

The demonstrators who were arrested were all white, except for one Negro who was in whiteface and, together with a pair of girls in theatrical makeup, was accused of masquerading without a license, a charge generally reserved for Indians and transvestites.

The regular criminals, though, were virtually all black or Spanish-speaking. The officer in charge had a pad of pink slips—literally, receipts for each man put in the cell—and police would make little jokes like, "No tickee, no prisoner."

It was indeed like a Chinese laundry, complete with the separation of white wash and colored wash.

I was the first demonstrator to be called by the court clerk, and when my name was announced, many of the spectators applauded. It was kind of embarrassing. The judge ordered: "Clear the courtroom!" And—with total equality—out went friends of demonstrators, relatives of criminals and those who had come there as a Cheap Date satori.

I finally found out the specific charge against me: "Loud and boisterous conduct, and refusing to move when told to by an officer." I was released without bail until my trial.

We were lucky. At a west coast demonstration, prisoners had been clubbed, tossed in the paddy wagon, sprayed with Mace and taken for a careening ride.

All I got was Excedrin headache #42.

Photograph by Baron Wol

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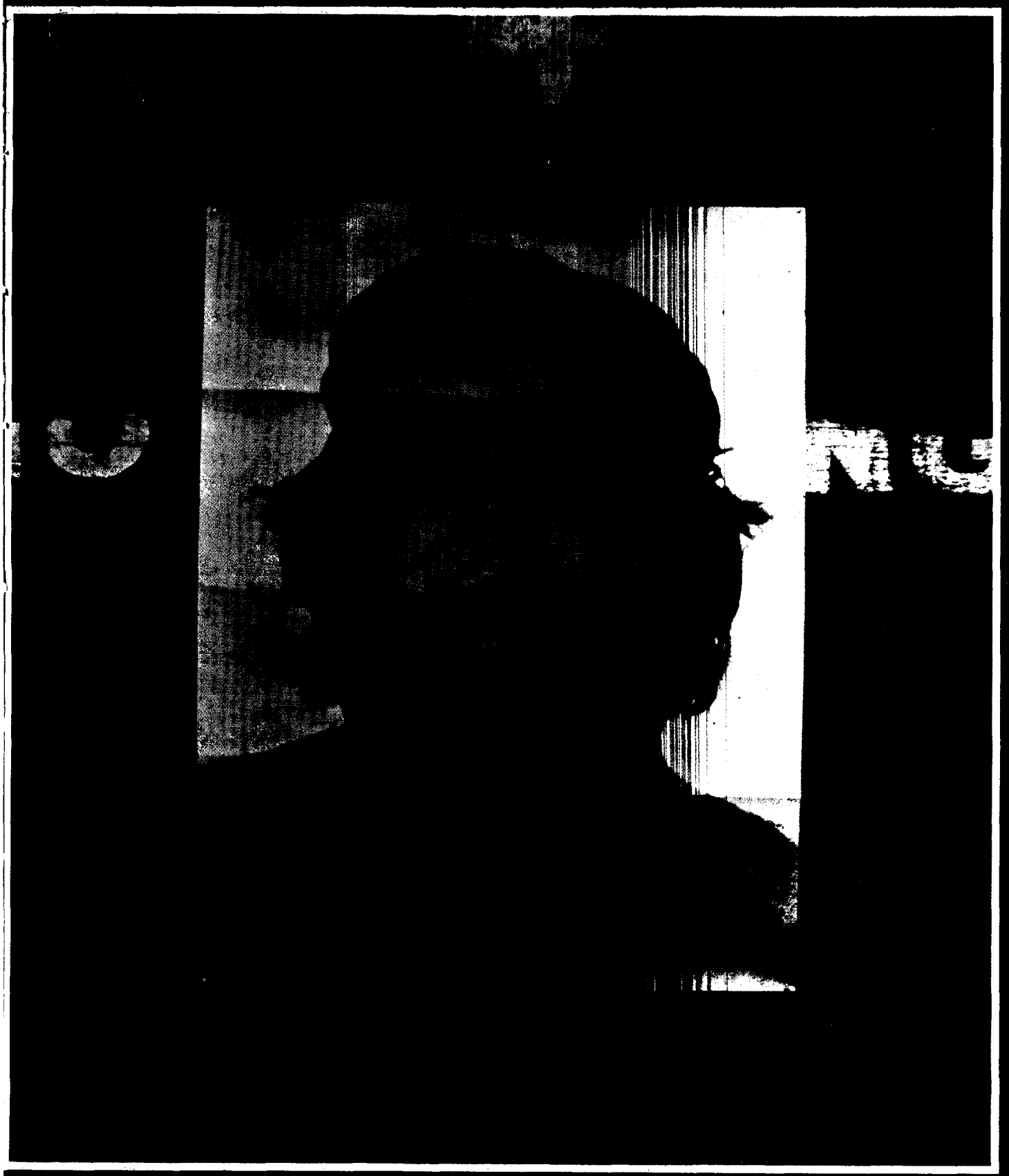

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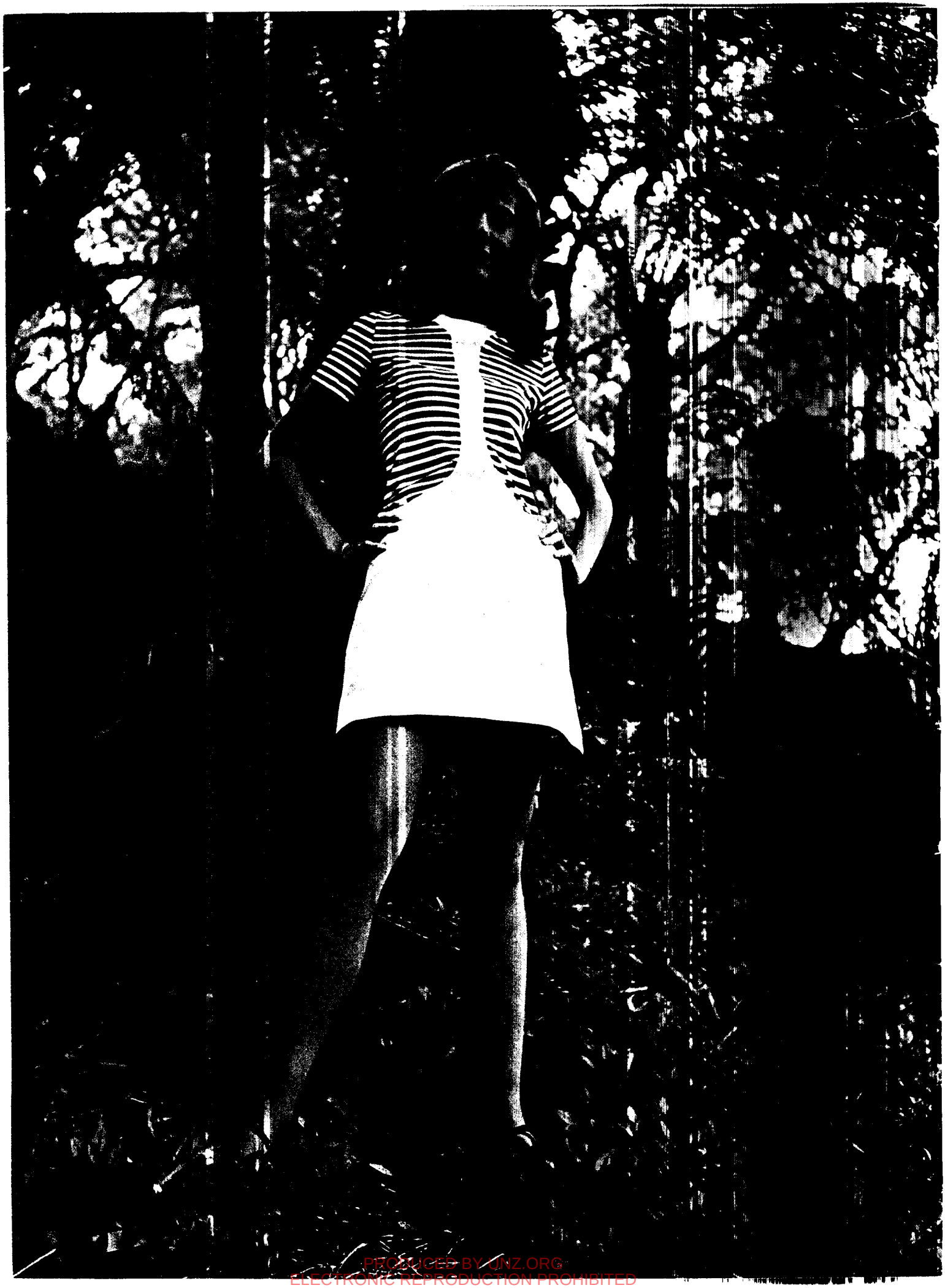

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THE EXECUTION OF CHE BY THE CIA
by Michèle Ray

Michèle Ray, formerly a model for Chanel and an amateur race car driver (as a promotional stunt for Renault she and three other girls once drove from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska) traveled to Vietnam in 1966 as a reporter for Le Nouvel Observateur and other French publications. She had been there for seven months when she was captured by the Viet Cong and detained for 21 days. Upon her release she wrote several articles, probably the most significant effort to date to interpret the Viet Cong and their revolution to the Europeans. While she was in Vietnam, she earned such respect from the American soldiers for her willingness to enter the combat zones that an American offensive operation was named after her—Operation Michèle.

A month after the death of Che Guevara, she went to Bolivia as a correspondent for Paris Match and spent seven weeks investigating the circumstances surrounding the guerrilla leader's death.

Michèle Ray's book, The Two Shores of Hell, *will be published in May of this year.*

[I. THE RELICS OF ST. CHE]

FROM all parts of the world they came to search for relics of St. Che. My role in the hunt was accidental, impulsive. I had just arrived in New York on a reasonably leisurely stopover en route from Paris to Bolivia, where I was to investigate the story of the guerrillas and attempt to unravel the confused accounts of Che's death. But I had hardly gotten out of my taxi when I learned that the vultures were already circling the body of the martyred revolutionary hero.

The news came to me from my friend, Debbie Schabert of Time-Life Editions: "Tomorrow Don Schanche is flying to La Paz as a representative of Magnum. He's going to sign a contract with the Bolivian government for the purchase of Che's diary . . ."

I didn't even let her finish the sentence; I didn't unpack my bags. Into another taxi and back to Kennedy airport and another jet.

Over Mexico and Lima, across the Andes, over Lake Titicaca, across the barren and arid Altiplano, I made my plans. I knew Schanche. He had been editor of Holiday and was now closing a deal with the corrupt Bolivian generals so that Magnum, the big, U.S.-dominated news consortium, could traffic in Che's literary remains. A kind of romanticism left me repelled at this prospect. I found it bizarre and unjust that the diary of this man who had dedicated his life (and death) to the fight against American imperialism should be exploited, expurgated, perhaps falsified, to the profit of the very political line he abhorred.

I resolved to see the diary before the Americans took it from Bolivia so I could discover just what had motivated this unique rush to publish it. I also resolved to make the deal as difficult for the Americans as possible. I had one card to play, a bluff. When I left Paris, my friend, publisher Jean-Jacques Pauvert, gave me blanket accreditation to negotiate for the purchase of the famous diary. He felt he would have little chance against American money, but told me to try. At least Pauvert would treat Che's remains with the reverence and delicacy they deserved.

Rushing to Bolivia with one thought uppermost in my mind—keep the Americans from getting hold of the diary—I had no idea that weeks later I would leave having reconstructed the last day of Che's life and assured myself that the CIA was responsible for his death.

Photograph of Michèle Ray by Stan Ciccone

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I landed at La Paz along with Schanche. He didn't know who I was, so I stuck to his trail through customs and checked in at the same hotel, the Copacabana. The project which had brought Schanche to Bolivia, with me at his heels, had been planned and organized by Andrew Saint George, a photographer-journalist from Magnum, which boasts some of the biggest magazines in the world as members. A Hungarian by birth, Saint George was named by Che Guevara in his history of the Cuban Revolution as an agent of the FBI who had been sent to visit the guerrilla band in the Sierra Maestra.

This same Saint George had landed in La Paz just a few days after the press had announced the presencé of a diary in Che's saddlebag. It hadn't been much trouble for him to persuade the Bolivian government to abandon its plan to publish the diary and to put it up for sale instead. The New York Times had come in on the deal with the Magnum consortium and so Juan de Onís, their Latin American correspondent, had also flown to La Paz. The deal was set. Schanche had only to come to La Paz, take a look at the documents, sign the contract and return to New York.

It was Saturday and Schanche counted on being back home by the next weekend. I didn't have much time. I had arrived too late to find and talk with the intermediaries who are always vital to these sorts of negotiations. So I had to go right to the top: President René Barrientos and General Alfredo Ovando, Bolivia's military strongmen. I already knew them, having interviewed them in August 1965, when they headed the military junta. This made my task easier, and 48 hours after I arrived I had obtained an interview with Barrientos in the presidential palace.

But Schanche had worked even faster: his interview was set for four o'clock, mine for five. I was afraid the one-hour difference would be crucial, and that my negotiations could easily be over before they even started. I walked into the President's office expecting the worst.

WHEN I HAD INTERVIEWED HIM two years before, Barrientos was wearing a military uniform covered with all the insignia of his rank. This time the display was gone; the President's attire was ostentatiously conservative.

Stocky and swarthy, his hair cropped short, the President was open and relaxed, even voluble with me. He began by speaking of the circumstances surrounding the death of Guevara. "You know," he told me, "La Paz is far from La Higuera, and I can neither confirm nor deny for you any of the accounts which have been given of the details of Señor Guevara's death. But he died as he wished, fighting for his cause." Was Barrientos trying to imply that he had no idea of what had gone on in La Higuera the day Che died? A difficult position for a chief of state to take, especially in a country as precarious and closely controlled as Bolivia.

As Barrientos came to the end of our interview, I stopped my tape recorder and declared that I had two important things to say to him. "I am in Bolivia as a journalist," I told the President, "but along with my study of the history of the guerrilla movement, I also represent the French publishing house of Pauvert, which is interested in buying the captured documents, among them, of course, the famous diary."

You could have heard a pin drop. Barrientos, composed as before, said nothing. I went on: "Furthermore, if you negotiate with a non-U.S. firm on equal terms, the international press can't accuse you of being in the hands of the United States. Whatever you decide in the long run, having two competitors in the bidding can only be advantageous to the Bolivian government."

But Barrientos already understood. "I've just seen Schanche and the other," he said. "Everything had been decided, and the business was supposed to be finished by the end of this week. But it's okay with me if you enter the competition. You can appear tomorrow before the Diary Commission."

I had heard of the Warren Commission. Now there was a "Diary Commission!"

Bolivia's grapevine worked even faster than I thought, for Schanche was waiting for me at my hotel; relaxed as ever, he introduced himself, stating he was still sure that "the most important narrative of the last few years" would soon be his. "Who is this Pauvert? Michèle, you're crazy to compete with a trust like Magnum. Don't forget, you're a journalist too. I'm sure we can work things out. This stupid competition is only helping a handful of generals make a killing."

Schanche had a lingering smile for the woman in me, but he had declared war against the competition I represented. Captain Philip Wimset from the American Embassy—a personal friend of Saint George—had obligingly furnished Magnum with very detailed "intelligence reports" on everything that I had written, all my movements and how much I had in the bank. The information was passed through Schanche to the Bolivians.

Schanche made it clear enough what was up when he asked me, "How do you expect the Bolivians to trust you when they know you wrote an article called, 'I'm in Love with the Viet Cong,' and that you seem to be in sympathy with revolutionary movements?" I merely smiled at him in return because through my contacts—I was beginning to have some too—I knew who it was that had sent the "Michèle Ray dossier" to General Ovando's office.

The next day, while Schanche, de Onís and Saint George, accompanied by Colonel Arana from the Bolivian secret service and Captain Wimset, examined the captured documents, I appeared before the "Diary Commission" (whose pompous title, I must confess, intimidated me somewhat). I was still running a long way behind Magnum, but the important thing was to stay in the race.

In reality, the "Commission" was composed of only two members: Hector Mejica, director of information for the President's office, and Jaime Cespedes, director of information for the General Staff. The former represented Barrientos, the latter Ovando.

Mejica seemed open enough to my entry into "the deal," but Jaime's opinion was all too clear. Cespedes (nicknamed "El Gato") is a playboy, the owner of a fancy Ford Mustang which he drives around and around the Prado, since there are no other roads in Bolivia suitable for this expensive toy. He was also the confidant of Saint George in the negotiations over the documents. For an hour—in a darkened office without a tape recorder, the three of us facing one another with our hands folded in our laps—we tossed around sums amounting to millions of dollars. Finally we agreed that I would make an offer in writing, drawn up by a lawyer.

I submitted an initial offer of $80,000, knowing very well that this was too little, but I left the door wide open for further

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bids. I cabled Pauvert that the documents included not only Che's diary, but also that of Joaquín (one of the guerrillas), a book of Che's poems, the records of the guerrillas' interrogation of various Army prisoners, the photos taken by the guerrillas and the Bolivian Army's filmed reconstruction of the guerrillas' main ambushes. It was really big business.

Naturally, the Bolivian authorities and my competitors had a good look at my cables and the replies. But I have to admit that this telegraphic espionage was mutual—and Schanche didn't make it any easier by sending a yard of Telex to New York every day. I "borrowed" the key from the hotel desk and visited his room at a time when I knew he had a regular appointment, taking care that I didn't do my "research" at the same time as the agent for the Bolivian secret service, who came every day to visit my room and those of my "friends."

GENERAL ALFREDO OVANDO, chief of the Bolivian Armed Forces, received my offer—reluctantly. A few days later, he called me to his office.

Unlike Barrientos—who seems the very image of the American Way of Life—the general, with his stiff military uniform and his tiny mustache, is a prototype of the South American military man. I began my interview by asking about the different versions of the story of Che's death which were circulating. Also unlike Barrientos, Ovando had a specific answer to the question of how Che died: "Commander Guevara, mortally wounded when he was captured, died of internal bleeding seven or eight hours after his capture. Some officers were able to speak with him. But of course, you may interview them." (Naturally, I was never able to do this—at least not through official channels.)

Ovando knows he is the strongman of the regime, but he is still waiting to add the presidency to his duties as commander of the Armed Forces. He is patient. The elections will be in 1970 and he has already announced his candidacy. All these Latin American military men who come to power in three-day *coups d'état* dream of one thing only: to be elected "legally," even if this means just one more farce.

His eyes darting around the room and coming to rest on everything but me as he spoke, Ovando launched into 15 minutes of abuse against Régis Debray (the French journalist who had been with Che and was captured by the Bolivians) and Che. Then he got down to the point: "Your offer is too low. The Americans have offered $200,000 plus royalties. However, we aren't too happy with a royalty agreement. Make us a better offer in cash. I'll give you a few days."

Because I had seen the Magnum cables, I knew that the figure he quoted as the American offer was correct. Pauvert cabled me: "Stall a little." Since I knew that Pauvert could never beat the Magnum offer, I decided to bluff, and had a lawyer draw up a contract for $400,000. Why not? And I inserted an important escape clause: my offer would hold only after I had seen the documents.

In reality I wasn't fooling anyone. Certainly not the Bolivians, since Ovando had copies of all the cables I had sent to Paris. But it was in his interest for me to stay in the competition. He played the game. Together, we were driving the price up to an indecent level. Of course, our motives were different. He wanted to force Magnum to raise its bid; I wanted to see the documents. Also, as I told him: "The diary in the hands of the United States is like the Koran in the hands of the infidels."

ALTHOUGH THE NEGOTIATIONS for the documents were still nominally secret, by now the matter had become a public duel between France and the United States. The bets were on the table; the Embassies rose to the occasion. And if Andrew Saint George was rumored to be working for the CIA, I became in my turn a dangerous international spy. But for whom was I working? "For the Cubans," claimed Saint George. And he asked his influential friend, Captain Philip Wimset, to take me out of circulation for 48 hours to ask me a few questions. But Ovando, who knew very well that I was bluffing, wouldn't let him. He didn't take these rumors seriously, but only smiled to himself and kept pulling the strings.

As for Philip Wimset, I met him two times in the restaurants of La Paz. Actually, he was very bad at hiding his feelings: he couldn't keep from fixing a stare on me as if I were Mata Hari returned from the grave. His real hope was to prove that if I succeeded in buying the diary it was for the purpose of giving a copy to the Cubans.

Because I didn't want him to cut my negotiations short with a cable of withdrawal, I never informed Pauvert that I had put "his" $400,000 on the table. But finally, since time was running out, I decided to make all the negotiations public and gave the story to Agence France Presse. Barrientos had declared that very day at Cochabamba that "the diary will be sold to the highest bidder"; my object was to make the destination of the sale money a public issue, which it became when the Agence France Presse story broke.

"It must go to the families of the soldiers killed in the anti-guerrilla campaigns," was a common argument. And a committee was formed in Vallegrande: "The money belongs to 'us,' " it claimed, "we need a highway."

In Paris, Pauvert nearly had a heart attack when he found out just how much money he had "offered." He cabled me to withdraw officially from the bidding.

A few hours after rumors of the impending sale of the documents began to fly all over La Paz, I ran into Schanche on the terrace of the Copacabana. Strangely at ease, he walked up to me and said: "I would like to invite you for champagne this evening."

What had happened? Was he going to sign?

Both of us had interviews with Ovando scheduled for that afternoon: Schanche at five o'clock, myself at four. General Ovando, fingering a cable—which, as I later understood, was Pauvert's withdrawal—said to me: "I assume that you are still in the running. I hope that you have received no negative reply." My competitors were all waiting in the next room: Schanche, Saint George, de Onís and a lawyer recently arrived from New York. Sitting there with a copy of Pauvert's telegram in their hands, they imagined that I had come to announce to Ovando that I was pulling out.

But the original cable was in Ovando's hands, the copy in the hands of my competition—and I had never seen it. Now it was General Ovando who ran the bluff. With a smile he told the gathering in the other office: "*¡ Qué no !* Michèle hasn't come to withdraw, but to confirm her offer. You had better raise yours, gentlemen."

There was no champagne that evening. Instead there was a stormy scene with Schanche. Two days later another cable arrived from Pauvert: "Confirm previous cable withdrawing." This time Ovando obligingly had it sent directly to me.

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But Schanche wasn't yet finished with the French. The French members of the Magnum consortium, as well as some of the Americans, took my place in the fray, threatening to leave the trust unless the negotiations were broken off. In New York there were, I found out, doves as well as vultures.

Finally, in Havana, with the news of the bidding now public, Guevara's heirs threatened to file suit against whoever claimed the copyright, for there was every reason to believe that the diary had been altered either in La Paz or by the CIA in Panama. And the prospect for such a legal entanglement was enough to scare off many of the remaining vultures.

Weeks after he had left New York to take a look at the documents and sign the contract, Schanche returned, observing that he regretted that the affair appeared to have been compromising for him. The New York Times sent Juan de Onis to greener pastures in Cuba. Only Saint George persisted, conspiring as always with his "intermediaries." The Bolivian government quickly lowered its price, but no serious publishing house would touch the documents now, and Saint George found himself chasing unwilling editors, flying back to New York, cabling Europe, trying to set up another syndicate. Finally he went too far. Making his pitch to Fred Jordan of Grove Press, Saint George claimed: "If you can reach an understanding with the Guevara family in Cuba so that the diary can be published without a risk of a suit, Régis Debray will be a free man." Saint George rather overestimated his influence with Captain Wimset. The CIA was not about to spring Régis out of jail for one book.

Saint George, who had given the diary its commercial value in the first place, failed in his rather desperate overtures to Grove Press and others, but still continues to try to interest publishing houses in the document. Some, like Stein and Day, have shown interest. But in truth, it is hardly the "most important narrative of the last few years," as Schanche called it and others of the vultures believed it to be. It contains no climactic truths about the guerrillas' contacts with other revolutionary movements; there is no theoretical discussion of revolution, no comments on strategy; nor is there anything of a personal nature which mirrors the remarkable legend that was Che Guevara. The diary is a day-by-day, month-by-month record of the guerrillas' personnel, problems, supplies, contacts and movements. Whatever value it might have once had disappeared the moment it fell into the hands of the CIA and the Bolivian secret service. It has spent too much time in hostile hands for its contents not to have suffered.

I had no business left with the diary. I resolved to set out for Camiri, to begin my investigation of the circumstances of Che's death.

[II. A GHOST OF CHE; A GLIMPSE OF DEBRAY]

THE DAY BEFORE I LEFT LA PAZ a young journalist came to see me with some information. This wasn't the first time that I had been approached, usually with bad leads, but always for a healthy number of dollars. I asked him how much.

"I don't want any money," he answered, "but I do want to go to France to study. Besides, I have no way of publishing what I know here. And I'm afraid, because they know that I know the whole story of the death of Che. I spent four days in La Higuera *after* he was shot."

If this was true, it was a bombshell. Since the 9th of October no journalist had been able to reach La Higuera; the village had been quarantined by the Army.

Jorge Torricò was the man's name, and I listened to his story with growing interest. "As a journalist for a military magazine," he contended, "I was accredited by the General Staff, by the secret service and by the President's office. Moreover I had followed the anti-guerrilla operations since the very beginning. I had gone on missions with the Bolivian Rangers, and they all knew me. So I had no difficulty in getting to La Higuera and in staying there. Showing my official papers, I told the peasants that I knew the whole story and said I was supposed to write up a secret report. I was there for four days; I explored on foot the whole area where Che passed the last weeks of his life. I got back just two days ago. The authorities threw me right out the door and took away my papers."

Why had he come to see me and not Juan de Onis of the New York Times, for example?

"I want to go to France. You are the only French journalist in La Paz at this moment except for the representative of Agence France Presse. You are well known and are working for a big magazine."

I was leaving the next day for Camiri and the guerrilla zone and I was still innocent enough to think that I could get to La Higuera myself. So I told Torrico when I expected to be back. "O.K." he replied. "Call me when you get back 20 days from now. I will speak to no one until you return to La Paz. If you go to La Higuera, look for bullet holes inside the schoolhouse in the larger classroom, to the left of the door. One more thing: Che wasn't mortally wounded when he was captured. He had only one wound—in the left leg, nothing serious. He was shot down in cold blood."

Torrico didn't want to say more than this before I'd committed myself to help him get to France. But this was more than enough for me to begin my investigation.

President Barrientos was starting off on a three-day official tour across the country; and since Camiri—where Régis Debray was imprisoned—was included on his itinerary, I obtained permission to accompany him in the presidential airplane—a DC-3 that Barrientos insisted on piloting himself. Stopping at Potosí we watched a *Te Deum* and a military parade, which was followed by gangs of Indians brought that morning from the mines. Packed together, marching quickly, all of them seemed grave and vacant. A few naively tried to goose-step as they marched by, carrying with apparent indifference placards whose slogans they probably couldn't read: "Down with the Guerrillas!" and "Long Live President Barrientos." Soon we were back in the DC-3, headed for Camiri.

THE TEN KILOMETERS BETWEEN the nearest airstrip and the village of Camiri are more than enough for the dust of the countryside to work its way into one's skin and lungs. Stifling, oppressive, the humidity seems to hold a molten sun fixed in the sky. This is no longer the Altiplano; it is the *selva*, the tropical jungle. Before it gained fame because of Debray's trial, Camiri was known primarily as the oil capital of Bolivia. The area of the *yacimientos* (the oil fields), closed off by an electric fence, is only two blocks from the town square. Damply air-conditioned villas, tennis courts, movie theaters, a somewhat muddy swimming pool—this is oil-rich, civilized Camiri. The other Camiri, the real

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one, has rows of low houses, some with galleries running in front of them along high sidewalks, and unpaved streets where mules and jeeps ignore each other as they pass.

Everyone gathered in the town square in the warm evening: officers, cover-girls in skin-tight dresses, a few teeny-boppers in mini-skirts. Up on the bandstand, Barrientos was making a speech about justice. Clearly visible from where he was speaking is a reddish one-story building, the military prison where Debray and his co-defendants were being held. Loudspeakers were pointed at the cell windows, but the windows were bricked up.

It was in a former library, transformed for the occasion into a courtroom, where Debray—looking first at his feet, then at the ceiling—heard his sentence: for him and Bustos, the Argentinean journalist who had likewise lived with the guerrillas, 30 years for "murder and theft." The four Bolivian co-defendants were acquitted.

To prove the charges of murder, the tribunal had considered in detail for two months the ambush at Nancahuazu on March 23, 1967, the first major contact between the guerrillas and the Army. The prosecution tried to prove that the Army, on a routine mission and unaware of the presence of the guerrillas, had been the victim of a vicious surprise attack in which seven soldiers had been "murdered."

Because he is an *aficionado* of the movies, and perhaps also to impress the two woman reporters in Camiri (myself and Amelia Baron), Colonel Reque Terán, commander of the 4th Division which covered both Camiri and the area of Nancahuazu, took us to watch a staged reconstruction of the famous and controversial ambush in which Debray was supposed to have been involved.

In a grey Toyota which had belonged to "Tania"—the pretty girl who had been the guerrillas' supply link with the city before she was killed by the Army—we traversed the road from Camiri to Lagunillas, and then to Casa de la Calamina, where the path takes off towards the Nancahuazu River, near what had been the main camp of the guerrillas. We went right through Lagunillas, which consists only of a few streets straggling out of a square surrounded by a series of decaying buildings. A few miles north is the farm called Pincal which belongs to Ciro Algaranaz, who claims to have been the first to have informed on the guerrillas—in December 1966.

The Casa de la Calamina, a few miles further north, is a small house composed of two rooms held together by a sheet iron roof, which the Peredo brothers, Coco and Inti—Bolivian leaders of the guerrilla band and members of the Communist Party—had purchased in September. It was there that Che Guevara, in the company of "Pachunga," another Cuban, arrived on the night of November 1966, after a two-day ride in a jeep from Cochabamba. But he was no longer Che Guevara; clean-shaven, wearing black-rimmed glasses, he had become "Ramón"—Ramón Benitez, his passport read.

We arrived at the Nancahuazu River with its steep wooded banks and moved towards the passage that led to what had been the central camp. There Colonel Terán deployed the troops brought along for the occasion. One company played the part of the guerrillas, the other that of the Army. Reque Terán directed the show. But suddenly it was no longer the government's version, but Debray's: the guerrillas were on the defensive and the Army on the offensive. The Army, following information from the two men who had deserted on March 11, was attacking the guerrilla camp.

Reque Terán evidently wasn't very interested in the details of Debray's whereabouts as the prosecution's official version had presented them. For him the trial was only an opportunity to revenge himself on the guerrillas: not for killing his Bolivian soldiers, but for having moved the center of their operations north of the Rio Grande into the territory of his rival, Colonel Zenteno, thus taking the glamour of the action away from his area.

Terán had gotten Debray, but it was Zenteno who got Che.

After waiting for ten days I finally obtained permission to see Régis. As I stood in front of his cell, a Bolivian officer flanking me on each side, a microphone dangling inches from my mouth, Debray, on the other side of the bars, started to laugh. "It seems that you are the prisoner," he said. "What they are after," he told me, "isn't justice—it's propaganda. I am guilty of being a revolutionary. Through my person they are trying to judge the guerrilla movement. They've given it 30 years in prison. But I doubt very much that the sentence will stick that long. It is too bad for the prosecutor that he didn't have a more radical punishment in his repertoire to solve the problem once and for all."

As a reward for having transformed Debray's ideology into the crime of "murder and theft," Colonels Guachalla and Iriarte, respectively the president and the prosecutor for the military tribunal, were advanced to the rank of general. They had followed their instructions well.

The Debray trial is over, but notoriety of his unjust imprisonment is very much alive. The Bolivian government has been sadly disappointed if they expected to imprison revolutionary ideas with Régis. In the same way, the future will show them that insurrection did not die when Che was murdered.

We all left Camiri for Santa Cruz.

[III. THE MYSTERIOUS *Gringo*]

SANTA CRUZ, FOR EIGHT MONTHS the center of the anti-guerrilla operations, is the most pleasant city in Bolivia. Its residents are casual, yet at the same time full of the *joie de vivre* which is the heart of the city's charm. And the most beautiful girls in Bolivia, mini-skirted and pony-tailed, live here. Their looks are Spanish rather than Indian, with pale skins and blue eyes. Although the streets are newly paved, Santa Cruz is still infested by dust driven everywhere by the wind.

At the General Staff headquarters I taped an interview with Colonel Joaquín Zenteno, commander of the 8th Division, now famous as the man who captured Che. Elegantly dressed, wearing a small mustache, Colonel Zenteno had another version of Che's death, different from those of Barrientos and Ovando. One month after the event—more than enough time for a common version to be decided upon—Zenteno told me that Che had never spoken at all after his capture; that he had died while being transported from Quebrada del Churo to La Higuera. But Colonel Zenteno was not eager to talk about Guevara's death, although he waxed eloquent on the subject of anti-guerrilla tactics and military strategy in general. He commented with dry humor on the anti-guerrilla training which the U.S. Green Berets had given his Rangers, where the Bolivians spent whole days shouting: "I'm the strongest! I'm the best!" The presumption was that they would begin to believe it.

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Official Bolivian government exhibit. The passport photos of RAMÓN BENITEZ *are compared for similarities with pictures of* CHE. *Center: a sketch of* CHE, *drawn by Bustos (a co-defendant with Régis Debray) while all three were in the Bolivian mountains.*

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Above: PRESIDENT RENÉ BARRIENTOS *(left) talks with* REAR ADMIRAL URGATECHE.

SERGEANT MILLIARD *of the U.S. Special Forces, who told reporters: "Well, we have different people searching for Che Guevara in different countries, you know. First in Latin America, Southeast Asia and down through that way . . . But here I guess his luck ran out. And them little Indians just ate him up. Thank God."*

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FÉLIX RAMOS, *Cuban exile and CIA agent, specialist in counterinsurgency operations. No pictures are available of Eduardo Gonzales, the other CIA agent.*

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In Santa Cruz I rented a jeep and, accompanied by Terry Malick from the New Yorker, headed towards Vallegrande, the town to which an Army helicopter had brought Che's body from La Higuera. We took the main road out of Santa Cruz, finding it thick with traffic. Four hundred kilometers long, it is the only tarred highway in all Bolivia. We followed it for 90 kilometers, arriving at the village of Samaipata. It was here at 11 p.m. on July 6th that Che and nine of his men audaciously captured the town in a truck they had borrowed nearby.

While they kept the Army officers and government officials holed up in the Hotel Samaipata, one group of the guerrillas ran 150 yards down the highway and entered the local drugstore. There they paid hard cash for provisions, clothing and medicine, asthma medicine for Che. Before leaving Samaipata they stripped nine soldiers of their uniforms. The entire operation lasted about 40 minutes.

Legend has it that Che was giving orders from the top of a nearby hill. But the owner of the Hotel Velocidad, a very talkative woman, knows better. For she shook the hand of Che Guevara in town, telling him: "I am not afraid to shake the hand of a guerrilla." Five months later this event is still the principal topic of conversation. Everyone has his own version of what happened.

For us Samaipata was also a lunch stop. We ate with Colonel Selnich and his wife and daughter. Selnich had been in command of La Higuera when Che was first brought in. He and his family had just come from Vallegrande. Selnich had still another story to tell us: "An Argentine magazine has just claimed that it was Gary Prado who killed Che with a bullet in the heart. But Prado left Santa Cruz just two days ago for La Paz where, without the permission of the General Staff, he stated to the press that he delivered Che to me alive. So you can see how this matter concerns me. I have to hurry to La Paz."

The circle of fear was closing. The General Staff in the capital had forbidden Selnich to make any statement whatsoever. And Prado's statement, prompted by his fear that Che's friends might revenge themselves on him, cost him his promotion to the rank of major.

Three more hours by jeep over an almost completely overgrown road and we were in Vallegrande, where two months earlier Che's body had been on display to the press for 24 hours. We could go no further. A roadblock had been thrown across the path leading out of the town towards La Higuera, which was still quarantined. In La Higuera there are 400 *campesinos* who know the truth. And despite all the threats and promises, the Bolivian government still fears that one of them might talk. Besides the authorities, the only person authorized to go there is the Dominican priest, Father Roger Schiller. He was in La Higuera on that fateful Monday of October 9th, arriving just an hour after the death of Che.

About forty-five years old, Father Schiller has been living in the La Higuera area for seven years. I was to see him three times. Our conversation was made more comfortable and secrets easier to keep by the fact that we spoke the same language—Schiller is a French Swiss. Also, the information that Torrico, the young military journalist, had given me in La Paz made it easier for me to broach the topic of the murder of Che. Schiller's testimony corresponded exactly with the little that Torrico had told me. He repeated in detail some of the stories that the peasants told about what had gone on in La Higuera that day. He also told me that a *gringo* had been in the village the day of Che's death. "Who was he?" I asked. "I'm not sure. They called him Gonzales."

I ran into Father Schiller again in Pucara, which I reached with Juan de Onís and a couple from the Peace Corps only by sneaking past the roadblock at the exit to Vallegrande. It was a four-hour trip by jeep across barren mountain ridges. No houses, nothing. The *campesinos* were startled to see us, because since the strange series of events two months before, we were the first strangers who had gotten that far.

But even before we had saddled the horses to push on to La Higuera, Major Mario Vargas stormed onto the scene. Vargas absolutely forbade us to go any further, saying: "I have given orders to my men in La Higuera to stop, and if necessary to shoot down, any journalist, Bolivian or foreign, who tries to get there. We will recognize no papers. And what is more, the *campesinos* will not talk to you. They know that journalists only tell lies. There was one Bolivian journalist there right after the death of Che. But if he comes back, the peasants will lynch him, since they know that he didn't have permission after all and that they were duped."

There could be no doubt that he was referring to my friend, Torrico. And when I asked him to send a soldier with my camera to take a picture of the wall of the schoolhouse to the left of the door where he would find bullet holes, Vargas shouted at me, his voice trembling: "The children can't study any more in that miserable school." He said the Army was thinking of tearing it down and building a new one. We weren't able to gather whether the school had already been destroyed or not. Perhaps the parents didn't want to send their children to a school in which three murders had been committed. Or perhaps the military feared it would become a shrine to the martyr.

To guarantee that we left the area promptly, Vargas began to escort us back to Vallegrande. Just as we parted, he couldn't keep from saying: "Don't tell Zenteno or Ovando that you got as far as Pucara. It's off limits."

On the road back to Vallegrande we suddenly saw a great stir ahead of us. A company of Rangers had just arrived, clambered down from their trucks and spread across the road amid a chorus of shouts and whistles. The remnants of the guerrilla band, commanded by Inti Peredo, had been sighted in the area. Two soldiers, armed with light machine guns, inspected our jeep and verified our papers. We were allowed to pass.

Back in Santa Cruz that evening in the Gran Hotel, a Ranger—whom I vaguely recall having seen at the General Staff headquarters with Major Saucedo, chief of the Second Section (the secret service)—caught sight of me. He said he was part of Gary Prado's company and that for $500 he wanted to tell me what he knew and what he had seen: who was there when Che died, the names of the murderers—for he claimed that several men shot at Guevara—and further information about what the mysterious American "Gonzales" was doing at the scene.

I was interested in his proposal. And because his disclosures should be the most convincing of anyone's, since he had been there, I proposed to him that he leave Bolivia so that his name could be made public without fear of reprisals. (I couldn't keep from smiling as I imagined myself leaving Bolivia followed by a train of Bolivian exiles.) However, he was married and had children; it wasn't possible. This was one lead I could never follow out. But others were rapidly piling up.

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BEFORE RETURNING TO LA PAZ, I had one more visit to make: to La Esperanza, the camp where American Green Berets from the 8th Special Forces in Panama had for 19 weeks trained the battalion of Bolivian Rangers which was to capture Che Guevara. They had set up shop in April in an old sugar factory established by the Alliance for Progress.

World opinion in April still refused to accept the story that the elusive Che was really present in the Bolivian *selva*. But I learned at the Special Forces camp that the CIA, which had pursued Che constantly since his disappearance from Cuba in 1965, no longer had any doubts. This "Ramón" was Guevara, and it was from Bolivia that he had sent the message to the Tricontinental: "Create two, three, many Vietnams, that is the watchword."

It was only after completing my stay at La Esperanza and returning to La Paz to talk at length with Torrico that I was finally able to understand the incredible lengths to which the Americans had gone to get Che. They had begun by sending CIA agents into the area of the guerrillas' ambush; they had been armed with his entire dossier, and their mission was to verify that it was indeed Che who was leading the guerrillas. They were also determined to coordinate the intelligence efforts of the Bolivian military with its secret service. There were two CIA men heading the "get Che" campaign in Bolivia: one was known as "Ramos"; the other was the mysterious "Gonzales"; both are Cubans and members of the CIA counterinsurgency team composed of Cuban exiles operating out of Panama.

Dividing their time between La Esperanza, Camiri and the presumed guerrilla zone, Ramos and Gonzales did not advertise their presence. Both had good covers. The first evidence of Gonzales' presence is contained in Régis Debray's testimony: "Three days after my capture, I was interrogated by a certain Gonzales, the mysterious finger-man for the CIA." In a letter smuggled out of jail, he wrote: "When I was first arrested . . . I was told by the mysterious mastermind of the CIA, Dr. Gonzales, who is probably a Puerto Rican and was in daily contact with both Barrientos and the American Embassy, 'you interest them more alive than dead.' "

Ramón-Guevara was the CIA's man, and they did not intend to let him escape because of the incompetence of the Bolivian military. The United States was determined to make Bolivia a model counterinsurgency operation. The Pentagon knows quite well that they cannot afford two or three more Vietnams.

The Americans I saw during my visit to La Esperanza were practically old friends. I already knew "Pappy" Shelton, the camp commander; Dave Wallander, the intelligence officer; and several others. We had dined together in Santa Cruz several times, and they were awaiting my visit. As I arrived, Shelton told me in embarrassment, "I'm terribly sorry, but I've just received orders not to talk about our activities here with you. But please do stay. At least have lunch with us. The order doesn't apply to food and drink."

Since Bolivia was off limits as a topic of conversation, we talked about Vietnam. Every one of the 16 men at La Esperanza had seen action with the Special Forces, and each told his own story about his former pupils, the South Vietnamese ARVN. There was one sergeant, in fact, who had met me briefly on Route Number One less than half an hour before I was captured by the Viet Cong in 1967.

Counterinsurgency looks the same all over the world. I had the sudden impression that I was back in Vietnam, for La Esperanza looks much like any other Special Forces camp. There are always native pupils and American "advisors," inevitable Playboy foldouts on the walls and comic books piled on the tables.

I left La Esperanza and Santa Cruz and returned to La Paz. By now I had most of the threads of the story in my hands: Che was not mortally wounded when he was brought to La Higuera; Prado had handed him over to Selnich alive. I understood the role of the American Green Berets in training the Bolivian Rangers and I was beginning to suspect the presence of the mysterious Gonzales in La Higuera during the hours before Che died. I was anxious to talk to Torrico so that he could confirm what I already knew and pin down some of the missing details.

I found him quickly in La Paz. He was even more anxious to get to France now, and this made him talkative. Soon we found that by combining what each of us knew we could piece together a coherent, if not detailed, account of Che's last 24 hours. Together with insights and details which other sources later provided me, the story, including the crucial role of the American CIA, is reasonably complete.

[IV. THE DEATH OF CHE GUEVARA]

ON THE NIGHT OF SATURDAY the 7th of October, Che Guevara—or rather Ramón—and his men arrive in a canyon called Churo, one of the deep ravines that score the *selva* in the area to the southeast of Santa Cruz. Their last battle had taken place 11 days before, only a few kilometers away, near the village of La Higuera. That day, September 28, Coco Peredo, the Bolivian leader of the guerrilla movement, had been killed. Since then the band has been maneuvering back and forth around the area, passing from canyon to canyon. They choose to stop at a little field of sweet potatoes at the edge of the stream and at the foot of a huge fig tree. It is after midnight and they decide to get some sleep.

A *campesino* who is sleeping nearby to guard his crops hears them coming. He sets out in the direction of La Higuera; the governor had promised a reward of 50,000 pesos for the capture of Guevara. His report reaches La Higuera, where Captain Prado and the 184 men he commands are stationed.

Prado, in a taped interview with the Chilean journalist Augusto Carmona, later said, "The information was transmitted to us by one of our informants who was operating in the area." This may explain why the reward was not paid to the *campesino*, but to the town of La Higuera. To this day, no one knows exactly who that *campesino* was.

While the guerrillas sleep the Army takes up its positions in the Quebrada del Churo. By morning there are four platoons posed on two slopes of the canyon and two units cutting off the exit towards the Rio Grande. The Rangers are armed with mortars and Browning machine guns.

The first contact between the two forces takes place at about one o'clock at the point where the path to La Higuera comes into the gorge. The guerrillas try to escape by this route, but it is blocked, and the only way out for them is to descend the canyon and reach the Rio Grande.

A second engagement 20 minutes later lasts for around a

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quarter of an hour. Already there are two dead and two wounded among the Rangers. Then comes silence, almost more ominous than the staccato bursts of machine gun fire.

Suddenly, around three o'clock in the afternoon, all hell breaks loose: mortars, machine guns, grenades. Rocks are broken off, boulders come rolling down. The Ranger platoon of Sergeant Huanca ascends the canyon from the Rio Grande to cut off any escape.

Ramón is wounded in the leg. A bullet breaks the barrel of his Garant rifle. His comrade Willy bears him along on his shoulders up about 60 feet of steep climb to a tiny level spot and then up again. They climb by grabbing hold of briars and thorns. Willy helps Ramón, who can't move his leg and is beginning to choke; he is having an attack of asthma. Both of their hands are covered with blood. Below them the firing continues.

Suddenly four soldiers spring up in front of them and surround them. Willy doesn't even have the time to let go of Ramón and raise up his gun. They are prisoners.

"I am Che Guevara," Ramón says simply.

Gary Prado arrives. He takes a photo from his pocket and looks at the scar on Ramón's hand. "It's him all right," he says.

The impossible has happened. Che is in his hands. "I felt a kind of shock," he reported in a later interview, "a sort of elation. But I had no time to talk to him. I had to return to my command. We kept fighting until dusk."

At Vallegrande at about four o'clock, Colonel Joaquín Zenteno, who commands the 8th Division, receives a coded message: "500 *Cansada*." "500" means Guevara. "*Cansada*" (tired), means prisoner. "Pappy" Shelton receives the same message at American headquarters in La Esperanza.

Prado has handed the prisoners over to five of his men with explicit orders not to speak to them. Che is seated next to Willy, racked by another attack of asthma. The soldiers whisper and stare at him.

At dusk the little caravan hits the road. Willy walks by himself with his hands bound and Guevara, limping on one foot, is held up by two soldiers. Behind them mules carry the dead and wounded Rangers in blankets. It is late night when they finally reach La Higuera.

IN THE VILLAGE—which I was never able to reach but where Torrico had spent four days—400 people live in tiny adobe huts with tile roofs. No cars, not even a jeep. A few narrow stone streets, the largest of which, a mule path, widens in the center of town to make a little square. On the square is a school with two low doors; there are two windows latticed with bamboo bars in the two tiny classrooms.

Che is seated in the larger of the two rooms on a bench with his back to the wall, his hands tied. The soldier who brought him has packed and lighted a pipe for him before leaving. He keeps Che's matches as a souvenir. There is no electricity, not even a lantern. The prisoners are alone in the darkness, listening to the babble of voices which reach them from outside.

The parade of commanding officers, which will last until noon the next day, begins with Colonel Selnich. He arrives in a helicopter supposedly to bring supplies, but really at Colonel Zenteno's orders to keep the Rangers from talking too much with the prisoners, and to keep things calm while he awaits a decision from his superiors.

In the village square, Prado passes out to his men the belongings of the prisoners. When he was wounded, Che hid the saddlebag full of documents in the brush, to be found by a peasant two days later. But he kept his knapsack.

Around the knapsack the soldiers are grabbing for souvenirs, making trades. Arguments break out. In a little box there are cuff links. (It's hard for them to imagine Che in a white shirt.) Second Lieutenant Pérez roughly shoves open the classroom door: "These are yours?" he asks Che.

"Yes, and I would like them to be given to my son."

Pérez doesn't answer. He leaves.

Another officer, Espinosa, wants a pipe for himself. The one in the knapsack has already been taken. He wants to trade. What to do? He rushes into the school, goes up to Che, takes him by the hair, shakes him and snatches the pipe he is smoking out of his mouth.

"Ha! You are the famous Che Guevara!"

"Yes, I am Che! A minister of state too! And you're not going to treat me like that," answers the prisoner.

And with a quick movement of his foot he sends Espinosa flying into the benches against the wall. Colonel Selnich intervenes at that point. Che knows him—Selnich has already come in once to try to interrogate him. But Che refuses to speak to him or any of the other officers. The soldiers, though, he answers quietly.

Finally a medic is sent to him. "After having passed the entire afternoon in the combat zone and part of the evening with our wounded, I went to examine Che," medic Fernando Sanco told Jorge Torrico. "A single wound in the leg—the left leg. That was all he had. I washed it with a disinfectant."

After having tried vainly to interrogate the prisoner, Selnich decides to leave him alone. He has the guard outside reinforced. On Monday morning Che asks to see the *maestra*, the schoolmistress of the village.

Twenty-two-year-old Julia Cortez told Father Schiller: "I was afraid to go there, afraid he would be a brute. But instead I found an agreeable-looking man, with a soft and ironic glance . . . It was impossible for me to look him in the eye."

"Ah! you are the *maestra*. Do you know that there is no accent on the '*se*' of *ya se leer* ?" he says as a preface, pointing at one of the drawings that hangs on the wall. "You know that in Cuba there are no schools like this one. We would call this a prison. How can the children of the *campesinos* study here . . . It's antipedagogical."

"We live in a poor country," the schoolmistress replies.

"But the government officials and the generals have Mercedes cars and plenty of other things . . . *¿ Verdad?* That's what we are fighting against."

"You have come a long way to fight in Bolivia."

"I am a revolutionary and I've been in a lot of places."

"You have come to kill our soldiers."

"You know, a war is either lost or won."

The *maestra* repeated this conversation to Jorge Torrico. "I had to look down while I talked to him . . . his gaze was unbearable. Piercing . . . and so tranquil."

Around noon, Che calls her back again. He knows that he has only a few moments more to live, surely less than an hour. What does he want to tell her? Something important? She refuses to see him.

"I don't know why," she said to Schiller. "I regret it now. Maybe it was because of his eyes, because of the way he looked at me."

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SINCE EARLY MORNING on the 9th helicopters have been coming and going. "It's hard to say who came, or when," the mayor of the village told Torrico. "Too much coming and going, too much movement. But I know that General Ovando was there, and General Lafuente, Colonel Zenteno, Rear Admiral Urgateche. And also a *gringo*. Wearing a uniform. Gonzales."

Eduardo Gonzales.

As he climbs out of the helicopter Urgateche rewards the Rangers for getting Che, handing out money to them.

Then all of the high-ranking officers file past this man who does not fear to die. Together and in turn, they try to make him talk. Rear Admiral Urgateche walks up. Suddenly he starts back, purple with anger. Che has spit in his face. Che knows that the interrogation is a mere formality—that the decision about what to do with him has already been made. His wrists bound, seated on his bench, his back to the wall, Che looks at them. He mocks them. Little by little their elation turns into an impotent rage. Who knows whether Che Guevara dead won't be even more dangerous than Ramón alive with the guerrillas? A little before 12:30 the superior officers depart by helicopter, leaving explicit orders.

During the morning another guerrilla, "Benjamín," has been taken prisoner in the Quebrada del Churo by another company of Rangers. He is brought to La Higuera, wounded and exhausted, and thrown into the other room with Willy. Some of my sources claimed that this was not Benjamín, but a man called "El Chino." Torrico and I could not decide on this point.

It is about 1:00 p.m. in La Higuera. Che has managed to make his way across the room and lean up against the opposite wall. The orders have come down to the junior officers. Three of them are competing for the "privilege and honor" of murdering Che. The door to the school opens and Mario Terán enters with his M-2 carbine on his hip. He paces to the other end of the room and turns around. "Sit down," he says.

"Why bother? You are going to kill me," Che answers calmly.

"No—sit down."

Terán makes as if to leave. Suddenly a burst of fire and Che crumples. Behind him, in the wall next to the door, the bullets have made two bloody holes, each as big as a fist.

Terán puts up his gun and calls outside: "That's it. I got him." Then (according to Father Schiller) he goes out to drink a beer.

Che lies on the floor in agony. Pérez comes into the room, a revolver in his hand. He walks over and puts a bullet in Che's neck. "A good hole for the formaldehyde," Doctor Moisés Abraham says the next day to the reporters in Vallegrande.

Two or three men have followed Pérez into the classroom. Now all of them want to fire on the adversary who has so long been invincible. "Okay," reportedly says the officer, "but not above the waist."

So they shoot him in the legs. Among them is the medic, Fernando Sanco, the one who had tended the captive's leg the night before.

In the next room, Willy and Benjamín have heard. When their door opens, they know the fate that awaits them. Sergeant Huanca enters with a gun in his hand; he faces the two men tied together on the floor.

"You have killed him," cries Willy, "I'd just as soon die, along with him."

Another burst of fire; Willy and the other fall to one side. On the wall, around the holes made by the bullets, there is blood mixed with hair.

In her house, 50 meters away, Julia Cortez, the schoolmistress, hears the gunshots. She rushes to the scene. The man she couldn't look at because he gave her a "bad conscience" is spread out in a pool of blood. Now she knows that all her life she will regret not having come back to talk to him.

Peasants come from all sides, mingling with the soldiers who are looking for stretchers to put the bodies on. There is great confusion. Those who know what has happened explain to the people who are arriving. In ten minutes everyone knows. And it is precisely for this reason that two months later the village is still quarantined.

An officer lifts Che's clothing and counts the wounds. Five in the legs, one in the left breast, one in the throat, one in the right shoulder, one in the right arm. Nine wounds, not seven as the doctors at Vallegrande will say.

It is three o'clock and the stretchers are next to the helicopters when Father Roger Schiller arrives on horseback. "As soon as I got the news that morning that Che had been taken alive, I hurried here, hoping to see him before they took him away. But when I arrived they had already shot him down." Then he says, without a great deal of conviction: "If I had been there perhaps they wouldn't have dared.

"I went to the school," continues the father. "It still hadn't been cleaned up. On the ground I found a bullet. Here. Look. It is shattered. I will keep it as a souvenir. The blood was mixed with earth. In the classroom where Willy and Benjamín were, blood was spattered all over. I cleaned it up."

At five o'clock in the evening Che's body arrives in Vallegrande strapped to the runner of a helicopter. Most of the Bolivian officers who had interrogated him in La Higuera have already arrived sometime during the morning. Ramos has been in Vallegrande all day long. Gonzales arrived in the early afternoon, in a helicopter coming from the direction of La Higuera. But when had he left La Higuera? Before Che was killed, or after? Did he stay to supervise the execution? I was never able to find out.

A Chevrolet panel truck is waiting on the airstrip at Vallegrande. Inside it are Ramos and Gonzales. As the helicopter lands, Ramos springs out of the truck and hastily directs the soldiers to load the corpse into the back. The truck races off to the morgue which has been improvised in a nearby shack. It stops. Ramos yells to Gonzales: "Let's get the hell out of here" . . . in English . . . letting down for one telltale moment their carefully maintained anonymity. The disguise is quickly reestablished, however, and Ramos refuses to speak another word of English to the journalists who are arriving on the scene.

Inside the shack, Ramos quietly directs the operations. He helps the doctors inject formaldehyde into the corpse, and he takes the dead man's fingerprints, comparing them with those in the dossier. (The news dispatch sent by Chris Roper of Reuters mentioned the presence of a CIA agent at the morgue. But the paragraph was cut from most American papers.)

After October 10 the traces of the CIA in Bolivia fade out. Ramos was spotted once two days later at a hotel in La Paz, registered once more as a businessman. After this, nothing. Che is dead. They can return to Panama and seal his dossier: mission accomplished. All of the men, money and time used against the small, isolated band of guerrillas has paid off.

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The dead CHE GUEVARA *on exhibit at Vallegrande. The bodies of two Cubans killed in battle lie on the floor. The Bolivian authorities felt that the bodies of Willy and Benjamín were too badly mutilated to be exhibited.*

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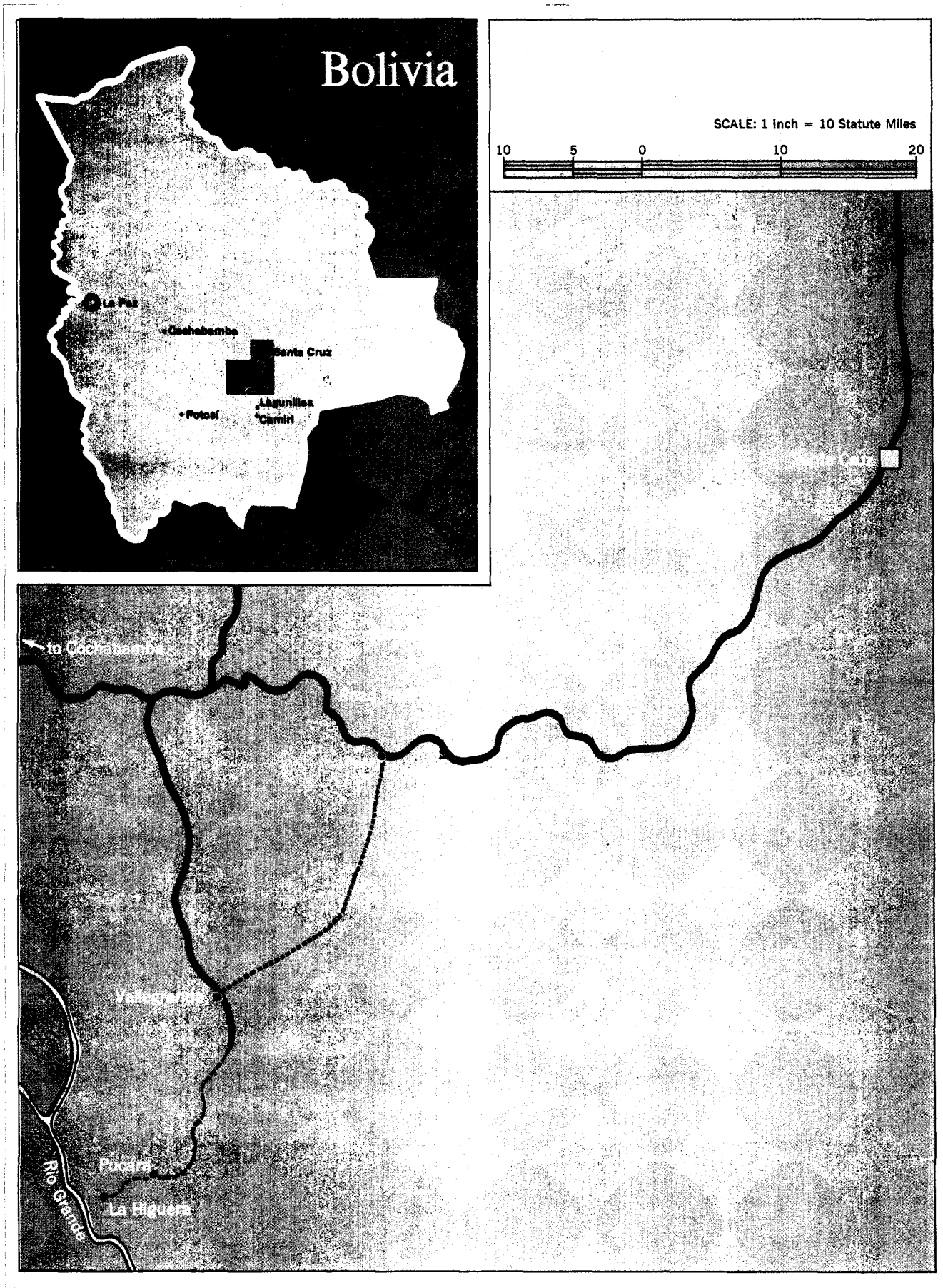

Map by John Williams

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[V. MADE IN THE U.S.A.]

I MUST HAVE ASKED too many questions while reconstructing the story of how they shot down Che, for the last week of my stay in Bolivia was particularly hectic. The French Embassy and the manager of my hotel received three or four anonymous calls every day threatening my person and advising me to get out of the country as soon as possible.

I arrived at the airport followed by the French consul. He had orders from the ambassador not to leave me until I was safe and sound on a plane out of Bolivia. Before I could board the plane, the Bolivian authorities insisted on painstakingly searching my person and all my possessions. At that very moment, Jorge Torrico, who had given me so much information, was peacefully registering for Lima and Paris, acting as if he did not know me in the slightest.

President Barrientos, on his way to New York, put in the last word for the Bolivian government: "The French señorita has spent a very agreeable and peaceful visit in our country, and I don't think she could have had time to inform herself."

But despite the President's certainty, subsequent digging allowed me to "inform" myself in even greater detail about the roles of the CIA men, Ramos and Gonzales.

As the net of American-trained and advised Bolivians tightened around Che, both men arrived on the scene to oversee his capture and execution. On August 5, they came to Santa Cruz, registering at the Hotel Santa Cruz as businessmen. Felix Ramos, aged 26, carried passport No. 0152052; Eduardo Gonzales, 32, carried No. A8093737. They left the hotel on August 12 and were identified by British journalists in Vallegrande some days later—in the company of Major "Pappy" Shelton. At this time they had dropped their cover. No longer posing as businessmen, they wore military uniforms without identifying insignias, with revolvers strapped to their waists.

Ramos and Gonzales were again in Vallegrande at the end of September, making that city the base of their operations and flying periodically to La Esperanza. All the testimony I have gathered has placed Ramos in Vallegrande all day on October 9 and Gonzales in La Higuera that morning. Whether or not Gonzales ordered the manner and time of Che's murder, it is clear that he flew into La Higuera to make sure that the revolutionary hero died, that his fantastic career was finished once and for all.

The murder of Che was a symbol of the power of the United States throughout Latin America. But as far as the U.S. operations in Bolivia were concerned, it was only a bonus. For in Bolivia the U.S. counterinsurgency campaign has been well-established for years. The United States has pumped $15 million in military aid into Bolivia since 1962 and maintains a permanent military mission in La Paz.

Since 1965 the American "advisors" have trained a number of Bolivian regiments. Many Bolivian officers have been trained in Panama, and some, like Gary Prado, at Fort Bragg by the Special Forces. The operation at La Esperanza, however, dated only from April 1967, and was initiated as a direct result of the first engagement between the guerrillas and government troops at the end of March.

For the guerrillas (although they were not yet contemplating real military operations) hostilities began on March 11, 1967, when two of their men deserted. One of these said later in written testimony that he had come to the guerrillas to gather information, thinking that he could profit by denouncing them. Their statements also included a very schematic outline of the organization of the movement, the names of the guerrillas and, of course, the presence of "Ramón."

As soon as it got this information, the Army began to mobilize the campaign against the guerrillas. On March 16 it seized the home of Coco Peredo. On the 20th, Che, who had come to the central camp from a reconnaissance mission in the neighborhood of Vallegrande, made the decision to defend the area against every incursion of the Army. Although the Army was surprised tactically by the "ambush," strategically the guerrillas remained permanently on the defensive.

The encounter was a setback for the Army—seven soldiers were killed. Less than eight days after the ambush, a group of American military men from Panama, including the intelligence chief of the 8th Special Forces, visited the guerrilla area and conferred with Barrientos.

The first move of the U.S. was to increase the arms shipments to the Bolivians and to secure their supply lines. C-130 transports coming from Panama landed regularly in Santa Cruz, bringing small arms, radio equipment, napalm and medical supplies. At the same time, three-week training courses were hurriedly organized for Bolivian soldiers in the combat zone. Less than eight days after that first ambush on March 23, a photo published in the Bolivian press showed two Green Berets training Bolivians at Lagunillas, a few miles south of Casa de la Calamina, formerly the guerrillas' own training center.

American military operations in Bolivia started in earnest around the 12th of April when a 16-man team of Green Berets arrived from the Canal Zone to set up shop at La Esperanza under the command of "Pappy" Shelton. Their mission, as reported in the Bolivian press, was to train a hand-picked battalion of Rangers in counterinsurgency tactics designed specifically for the Bolivian *selva*. "El Soldadito," as the common soldier is called in Bolivia, had to be transformed into "El Ranger." His nationality would remain the same, but his mentality and training were "made in the U.S.A."

The team of Green Berets, according to American Ambassador Henderson—who is anxious to maintain appearances—was under strict instructions not to enter the guerrilla zone itself and not to participate in the fighting. And, for the most part, these instructions seem to have been followed. However, radio contact was maintained between La Esperanza and the staff of the 8th Bolivian Division, and, from September 27th on, with the 2nd Ranger Battalion in the field.

All in all, American military intervention in Bolivia was remarkably "clean." All the dirty work could be left to the CIA agents. And—controlling the operation from the beginning, using a ruthless overkill to make the trap lethal—they were successful. Their plot to see Che Guevara dead worked with machine-like precision from the moment the machinery was put into operation. Their efficiency was almost uncanny. In April the London Times correspondent in Bolivia reported that "American military here say it will take six months to turn out a fully trained Bolivian battalion for jungle fighting."

Six months later Che was dead. A model exercise in counter-insurgency. "Create two, three . . . many Bolivias"—that is the watchword at the Pentagon.

But, revolutions are made by conditions, not by men. "This great humanity has said 'enough' "; it will not soon forget Che Guevara.

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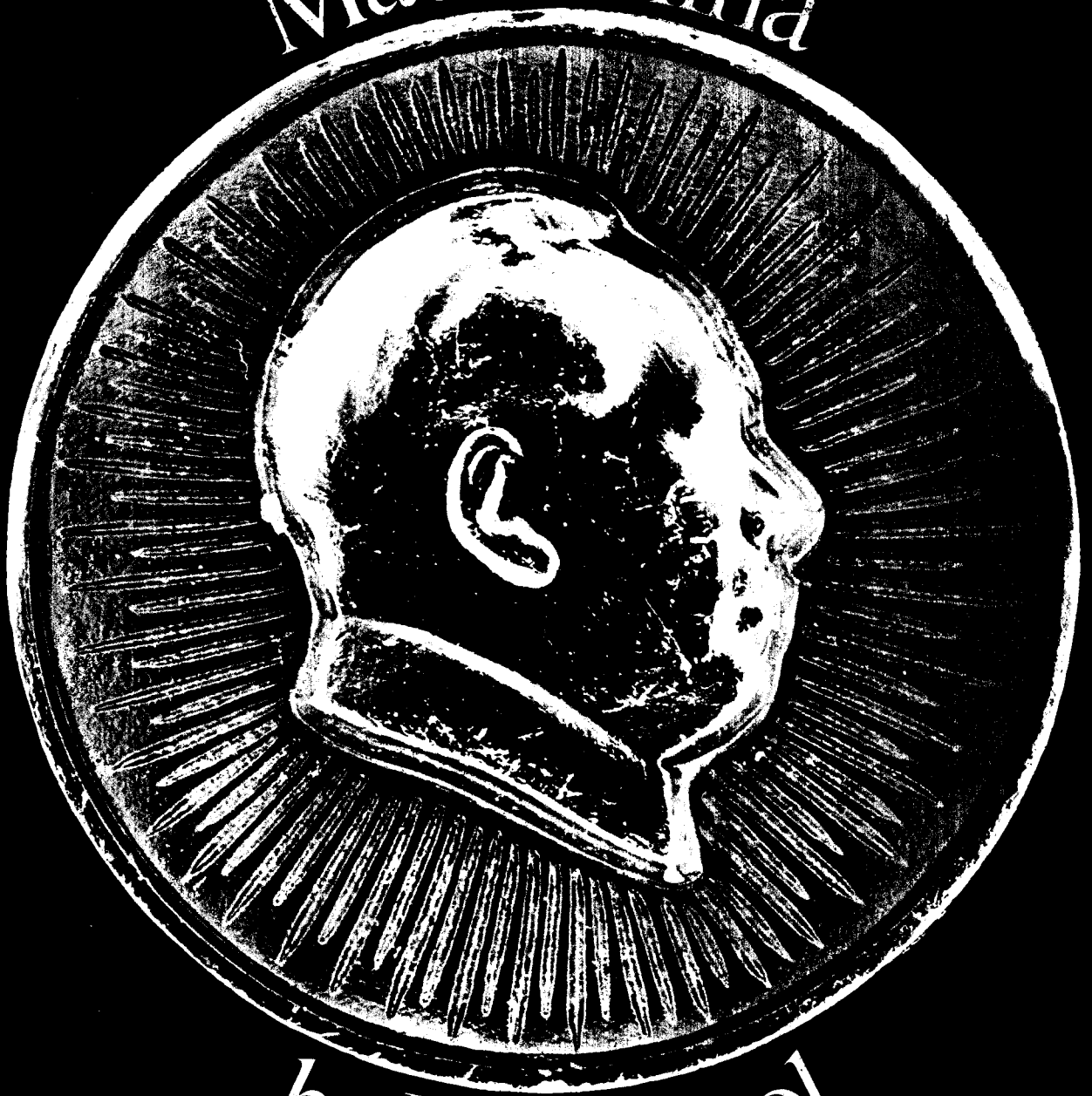
Mao's China



by K.S. Karol

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Until recently, K. S. Karol wrote on Soviet affairs for L'Express and was the New Statesman's Paris correspondent. He now writes for Le Nouvel Observateur.

After lengthy preparation and study, Karol made a four-month trip through China in the winter and spring of 1965, accompanied by the great photographer Marc Riboud. They were permitted to choose their own itinerary and traveled the length and breadth of China. Karol interviewed mayors, leaders of communes, factory managers, the man in the street, intellectuals and the leaders in Peking, including Marshal Ch'en Yi and Chou En-lai; the latter granted him a long, exclusive interview.

On his return Karol wrote China: The Other Communism *(Hill and Wang, 1967) which has been acclaimed in Europe and America as a brilliant in-depth reportage of the Chinese People's Republic. The present article is taken from a much longer analysis which will appear in* The Socialist Register 1968, *edited by Ralph Miliband and John Saville, and to be published by the Monthly Review Press.*

FOR TWO YEARS NOW, China has been in the grip of an unprecedented political fever. Millions of young people, workers and peasants have been involved in passionate demonstrations and bitter clashes, even in the most distant regions. Nevertheless, the rival groups—which, we are told, are at each other's throats—still proclaim their fidelity to the same man, Mao Tse-tung, and to the same party, the Chinese Communist Party.

The popular press has given us little help in solving the puzzle this battle represents. Its taste for sensationalism and—particularly in the United States—its hostility towards Chinese communism have led it to put the limelight on "shattering" items of news, even when they seemed hardly possible or even obviously false, and to draw the conclusion that civil war was imminent in China. The Chinese leaders' motives were clear: jealousy, spite and ambition; as for the masses of demonstrators, they were merely passive instruments in the hands of the new "war lords" who were reemerging inside the ranks of the Chinese Communist Party itself.

I shall not attempt to analyze all the events which have taken place in China in the last two years, but to demonstrate what is in my view one of the primordial aspects of the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." While I was there I was able to confirm the importance the Chinese give to the problems of the relations between those who govern—the Party and its cadres—and those in whose name they govern—the workers and peasant masses. I am convinced that this problem is at the heart of the Cultural Revolution and that it is both the most important and the most interesting problem for us to consider.

IF WE REREAD TODAY those of Mao Tse-tung's earlier writings which have been widely distributed during the Cultural Revolution, we are struck by their concern to impose on the Party—and on the Army which issued from it—certain norms of democratic and egalitarian conduct. Mao has always said that Communists cannot force happiness on the people. In 1944 he wrote: "There are two principles here: one is the actual needs of the masses rather than what we fancy they need, and the other is the wishes of the masses, who must make up their own minds instead of our making up their minds for them."[1]

From the beginning, the implementation of Mao's directives ran into difficulties, for the Party, given its doctrinal assurance and its monolithic structure, has always been inclined to direct the areas it controlled in an authoritarian way. So "rectification campaigns" were necessary to induce modesty in the cadres and to inculcate in them an egalitarian spirit.

By unleashing the Cultural Revolution 17 years after the foundation of the People's Republic, Mao Tse-tung has implicitly admitted that his Party has been unable to apply the mass line under post-revolutionary conditions. But at the same time he has shown that he has not accepted defeat and still believes himself capable of redressing the situation. No other Communist leader has ever shown such perseverance and absolute fidelity to the ideas he had in the "heroic period." As a general rule, Communists always preach proletarian democracy before the revolution and rapidly resign themselves to the impossibility of practicing it afterwards—to such an extent that their promises in this matter have become part of a liturgy which no one now takes seriously. Mao's determination to hazard everything in order to fulfill his democratic promises has therefore constituted one of the first "inexplicable" surprises of the Cultural Revolution.

The Chinese Communists did not recognize the image of their future reflected by the mirror of Soviet society. They always aspired to follow their own road, even if merely to avoid the errors of the Stalinist period which they attributed to historical conditions peculiar to Russian society. But for all that, they were not unaware of the similarities between their own experience and that of the Soviets. They saw the development of the Soviet Union since Stalin's death as a tragedy, and not only because of the singular complications it introduced into the relations between the two states. The sight of what seemed to them to be the scandalous behavior of Stalin's heirs and the depoliticalization of the new Russian generation caused them to fear that the same phenomena might one day occur in China in one form or another.

For Mao, the foundation of the People's Republic of China was not an end in itself; it was simply the beginning of a long march towards socialism, and he was more insistent than ever on the maintenance of high moral standards among Party members. He thought that the absence of an elite spirit should characterize the new Communist elite. Communists should demonstrate every day that they are incorruptible and are not seeking to use their power to acquire material advantage. Accordingly, the 10th Session of the Central Committee of the Chinese CP decided in 1962 to launch a "socialist

1. "The United Front in Cultural Work," October 30, 1944, *Selected Works* Vol. III, p. 237.

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education movement" on a national scale so as to "put politics in command" more than ever before. The resolution adopted at this session called for "a tit for tat reply to the capitalist and feudal forces which have launched violent offensives against us." In other words, the Party declared that it was no longer prepared to tolerate manifestations of the old individualist, selfish spirit in anyone.

Wherever in China I met provincial leaders, they boasted to me of their periodic work in the communes or in industrial undertakings. Factory managers never failed to take me into the workshops where they worked a day and a half a week as simple laborers. And the intellectuals spoke proudly of their long stays in people's communes.

But it must be admitted that in all this there was more than a whiff of paternalism. For after their manual exercises among the masses, each cadre and manager returned to his own office and continued to make decisions for which he was answerable only to his superiors, not to the base. It was clear to me that Chinese functionaries lived more modestly than those of other Communist countries, but it was also obvious that the workers' committees in the factories and the peasant assemblies in the communes had a purely imaginary role. In conformity with the spirit of their institutions, Party members still held all the power in China, and the egalitarian methods demanded by the socialist education movement simply gave them a good conscience in the execution of their duties.

EVERY CHINESE LEADER KNEW that the Cultural Revolution would be the end result of the socialist education movement, though few among them could have predicted what form this future criticism from the base would take or to what extent it would be carried. We now know that the principle of a vast national discussion was adopted at an unofficial session of the Central Committee which took place in 1964.[2] The Central Committee even set up a commission composed of five leaders, chaired by P'eng Chen, the mayor of Peking, to prepare for it. By common consent, it was also decided that the universities should be the site of a trial run.

In February 1966, the commission presented a report on the Cultural Revolution. This has never been published and we do not even know with certainty who made up the commission. But we do know that one member, K'ang Sheng, deputy-member of the Political Bureau, dissociated himself from his colleagues and obtained the rejection of their report. On May 16, 1966, the Central Committee sent all CP organizations a circular reflecting K'ang Sheng's views and condemning the other members of the commission.

According to his accusers, P'eng Chen wanted the Cultural Revolution to be a new Campaign of a Hundred Flowers, closely controlled by the Party. K'ang Sheng, on the contrary, demanded that it allow proletarian students to express their leftist criticisms against anyone, including Communists, who was hindering the real diffusion of the "Thought of Chairman Mao." For the former, the Cultural Revolution was not to call into question university authorities and institutions; the latter, on the contrary, regarded these as reactionary and outmoded from the start.

On May 17, 1966, it became known in Peking that P'eng Chen had been retired from his post. In the universities, agitation had been smoldering for several weeks and the students immediately understood that they should do something. Everything seemed to show that the Party's unofficial rules had lapsed since street demonstrations were suddenly allowed against a man who was a member of the Political Bureau and mayor of the capital, and who had not yet officially been accused or denounced in the press.

On May 25, 1966, eight students from the philosophy department of Peking University stuck up their *ta-tse-bao*—a newspaper written in large characters as a sign of anger—containing an attack on the rector, and in particular proclaiming: "You would like to hang onto your jobs so as to sabotage the Cultural Revolution. . . . You are daydreaming! Revolutionary intellectuals, now is the time to march into battle! . . . Let us break out of our tutelage and sweep resolutely away all perverse and malignant elements, as well as all counter-revolutionary revisionists of the Khrushchevite type!"

The Party apparatus could not remain quiet before this apparent revolt of the students. So it dispatched "work teams" into the universities with instructions to carry out a sort of purge and take over the leadership of the student movement. As soon as they arrived these teams dismissed the majority of those in charge and organized rather strange political examinations for all Party members. Communists were locked into classes for the unrelieved study of the works of Mao and were not allowed to go home without the approval of the new masters of the field. Each had to make a self-criticism which had to be accepted before he could leave.

Later, the Red Guards, and, following them, the official press, accused Liu Shao-ch'i—who had succeeded Mao as chairman of the People's Republic of China in 1959—of having deliberately fomented this "white terror" atmosphere in the hope of "hurting a large number so as to protect a handful of bad leaders." No doubt Liu Shao-ch'i was responsible for the dispatch of the work teams into the universities; but it seems likely that his intention was to reassert the central authority and direct the fire of the purge—which now seemed inevitable—towards the lower ranks of the Party.

Mao came out against this method. At the end of July 1966 he returned to Peking, called for the immediate recall of the work teams and convened an extraordinary session of the Central Committee. So within a few months the Cultural Revolution had passed through two stages of escalation. The first had initiated a vast discussion in student circles; the second ended with the suppression of the work teams, the only means at the disposal of the CP's central apparatus to lead and control the debate which had already been set in motion.

THE CHINESE PRESS HAS PUBLISHED acres of commentary but very little hard fact about the 11th Session of the Central Committee, which lasted almost two weeks and was decisive in the development of the Cultural Revolution. It is obvious that the Party hierarchy was reorganized during this meeting, for certain leaders received very important titles while others were relegated to secondary posts. But even on such an important matter no explanation has been published.

2. The words "discussion" and "debate" as used in this essay must be understood in a restricted sense. They are not intended to suggest a free-ranging and contradictory debate around clearly-stated alternatives but an active popular participation in the interpretation of Mao's ideology. We lack an appropriate expression for such an enterprise, which, both in form and content, is unprecedented in its magnitude.

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Careful analysis of the available material indicates, however, that the Central Committee's debate revolved around the basic problem of the role the Party should play in the Cultural Revolution, and what structures it should acquire as a result. Mao Tse-tung had intervened twice—in May and in July 1966—on the side of the "left" which called for considerable autonomy for the young rebels at the base. He had even attacked the central apparatus for its unfortunate attempts to hinder the critical expression of these future Red Guards. So he wanted the movement at the base to expand, and to this point he probably had no difficulty rallying the majority if not all of his comrades. But what should the Party members' attitude to this movement be? Should they act collectively, after preliminary discussion in cells and sections? Should they carry out the directives from higher up which the Party center would continue to provide as events developed?

In answer Mao asked that the Party center stay aloof, and he nominated a "Central Group for the Cultural Revolution," chaired by a theoretician, Ch'en Po-ta, and composed of old Communists who, with the exception of K'ang Sheng, had never worked in the Party's central apparatus. And even this group was only supposed to give out general directives and not to direct the everyday action of the Red Guards. As for the militants at the base, they should plunge into the movement on an individual basis by joining the group of their choice, for according to Mao this trial would be the best political school for them, and the best way of verifying their revolutionary ardor.

The Party represents an irreplaceable tool of the revolution —Mao has said it a thousand times and the famous little red book opens with quotations on this theme. So Mao Tse-tung never could have called for the destruction of the Chinese CP. But he did ask at the 11th Session of the Central Committee that its apparatus, in which he no longer had confidence, virtually go on leave and show itself as little as possible. Nothing suggests that he proposed a structural reform of the CP or a vast purge at the base; on the contrary, some remarks as to the possibility of recuperating 95 per cent of the old cadres are attributed to him.

Certainly only someone with Mao's authority and daring could have brought before the Central Committee, made up in general of members of the apparatus, a proposition which amounted to their suicide. In theory they all believed in the wisdom of the proletarian masses and it is possible to find in their past speeches as many references to the necessity of carrying out the mass line as in Mao's. But in practice they had every reason to fear the minority of young purists, already grouped into Red Guards and arousing popular anger against them, because they were necessarily responsible for all the anomalies of the old system. Indeed, in the final resolution a clause was introduced forbidding the press to attack Central Committee members by name. Obviously, this was a last precaution before everyone was handed over to the tribunal at the base.

THE APPARATUS OF A PARTY with 20 million members and controlling all responsible posts in an enormous country obviously cannot be set aside completely from one day to the next. The ties between its members are too strong to be suddenly dissolved on the orders of the Central Committee. What is more, no one was asked to go on a holiday and await the run of events: on the contrary, everyone had to participate actively to demonstrate his revolutionary attitudes. So it would seem to me that the latent conflicts within the Chinese leadership must have come fully into the open during the Cultural Revolution, though without implying any intention to plot Mao Tse-tung's downfall.

The fragmented nature of the movement at the base favored intervention from the leadership anyway. No group of Red Guards was formally invested as representative of the "thought of Chairman Mao." They vied with each other with exaggerated revolutionary proposals, some of which were so obviously unrealistic that no one could have applied them. For example, thanks to this enthusiastic action from the base, in August 1966 all Peking's squares were rebaptized with names like "The Earth is Red," and every major artery became "Anti-imperialism Avenue" and "Anti-revisionism Road." After two weeks of this no one any longer knew his address and the Central Group for the Cultural Revolution was obliged to suggest discreetly to the Red Guards that they restore the old names.

What is more, young militants arriving in a factory and proposing the immediate suppression of all bonuses and the equalization of all wages might very well recite passages from Chairman Mao on egalitarianism, but the workers could answer them with other quotations which recognized the utility of collective bonuses or asked the workers to run their own affairs themselves. The argument remained within the framework of Maoist orthodoxy and a Communist could support one side or the other without compromising himself—and without any backward glances.

Throughout this first period of the great debate, which lasted until the end of 1966, highly-placed leaders such as Liu Shao-ch'i were rarely attacked by the Red Guards and never by the press. The latter restricted itself to a global enthusiasm for the young critics' action, thus encouraging the most intransigent faction, but it gave no indication as to where the battle was to go from there.

This completely changed in January 1967 with the introduction of the Cultural Revolution into industrial undertakings. Only then did the press accuse the "bourgeois deviationists" of corrupting the working class by promising it material advantages and even distributing retroactive bonuses in order to control the revolutionary rebels and prevent changes in the leading personnel and management methods. This indignant outcry was accompanied by the publication of articles by Chairman Mao directed against "economism" and material incentives for the workers.

It is difficult to tell whether these accusations had any basis in fact, and whether the old officials were really trying to secure for themselves increased popularity among the workers by distributing significant sums of money. Although we have no proof, we might guess that the workers themselves used the new freedom to ask for certain material advantages. In the absence of precise directives from above, local leaders must have found it difficult to decide whether they ought to oppose the demands of the masses or whether it was not more in line with the "thought of Chairman Mao" to satisfy them.

The Central Committee had to make an urgent appeal in Mao Tse-tung's name to the workers of Shanghai that work be resumed and the crime of economism ended. A few days later, the Shanghai Commune was created, thanks to the joint action of 16 revolutionary rebel committees assisted by Army cadres and a few officials from the old Party apparatus. This was the victory of the "triple alliance," which was

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immediately promoted by the press and proposed as a model for the new institutions.

Paradoxically, it was at this precise moment, just as the Cultural Revolution seemed to be entering its constructive phase, that the first barely veiled attacks on the "Chinese Khrushchev," Liu Shao-ch'i, also began.

IT IS PROBABLE THAT LIU SHAO-CH'I was a victim of the inevitable working out of the mechanism unleashed by the Cultural Revolution. The officials who were criticized, here because they were too lukewarm and distant from the masses, there because they were corruptors, had all been nominated for their posts by him. There was no more solidarity of Communists at the base to protect them, and they could defend themselves only by attributing their faults to their superiors in the central apparatus. In addition, and whatever the facts might be, Liu Shao-ch'i could easily be suspected of having advised one official to distribute money so as to rally workers around him, another to deliver a sharp rebuke to some intransigent Red Guards, and so on. For who else could be pulling the strings behind all these wicked actions?

The "angry blaze" at the beginning of 1967 contributed to the growing tension in the internal atmosphere in China. The revisionist enemy seemed to have infiltrated everywhere and the vigilant masses could not trust anyone. The Red Guards' cross-examination of the cadres took on more and more unpleasant forms despite the thousandfold repetitions of the directive from the Central Group for the Cultural Revolution on the necessity to "cure the sickness rather than kill the sick man." Further, despite the devotion of the Army cadres, the administrative situation was getting more and more chaotic. Trains no longer ran on schedule, in factories discussion was eating into the time for productive labor, in some towns there was practically an absence of power.

Just at that moment the Chinese press published with exceptional *éclat* an essay by Mao dating from 1929: "On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party." This text might have been written the night before, so remarkably applicable was it to the circumstances in China in February 1967. Mao put his comrades on their guard against the dangers of ultra-democratism and ultra-egalitarianism, explaining very didactically that even in a perfectly fraternal society some must command and occupy responsible positions without constant interference.

After this warning from their chairman, the Red Guards and revolutionary rebels immediately relaxed their grip on the cadres. Chou En-lai even blamed them for their useless excesses, and in a resounding speech reminded them that the majority of the cadres were "good and worthy to resume their places in the service of the revolution." From this point on it might have been thought that the critical phase was over and that problems concerning personalities would cease to be at the center of debate. But in fact, it was just at this moment that the Chinese press opened fire on Liu Shao-ch'i, this time without any equivocation.

Neither Mao nor any other theoretician of the Cultural Revolution has devoted a serious article to the examination of the causes of bureaucratization inside the Chinese CP. They always approach this problem indirectly by denouncing the excessive concentration of power at the top and fatalistically concluding that if this state of affairs does not change, "it will only be a short time, perhaps a decade, before a counter-revolutionary restoration will inevitably take place on a national scale, the Marxist-Leninist Party will become a revisionist Party and the whole of China will change color."

How can this terrifying perspective be avoided? The Central Group for the Cultural Revolution finally gave its answer (albeit indirectly) in the spring of 1967 via a critique of Liu Shao-ch'i's major theoretical "contribution" to Chinese Marxism, the pamphlet, *How to be a Good Communist*.

Written in 1942 at the height of the war, this pamphlet is very insistent on discipline: "A Communist must obey anything which has been adopted or decided by the majority, by a higher rank or by the Central Committee. He must even obey what he believes to be incorrect. . . ." Today, these sentences are shocking; in a China where it is the base's turn to speak, where central authority is under criticism, they are out of key. So it is easy to use Liu Shao-ch'i's book to show that he was preparing for his Khrushchev-like role and preaching obedience to the militants so they would not hinder his sinister plans. Did he not produce a new popular edition of his own work in 1962? But the charge is too facile, for Liu Shao-ch'i's pamphlet contains no personal doctrine. It is a digest of a number of centralist ideas which govern all Communist parties, and was written in Yenan in the cave next to Mao Tse-tung's—and, as far as we can tell, with his approval. It is obvious that Liu Shao-ch'i has been chosen as a scapegoat for the expiation of organizational crimes, and not only those of the Chinese CP, but those of *all* parties of the Leninist type.

At present Liu Shao-ch'i's bad principles are contrasted with a sentence from Mao Tse-tung: "The question of knowing who is right and who is wrong can never be decided by the majority of votes where a fundamental principle of Marxism-Leninism is at stake." This is a fine maxim, which calls on the personal freedom and responsibility of every Communist. But how is it to be translated in formal terms in the Party statutes? So far we have no answer to this key question, even though there is at present much talk about convening a new CP congress which would transform the Party organization from top to bottom.

The Chinese CP does not propose to present itself as an original, new formation born of the Cultural Revolution and radically different from the old bureaucratized Party. Its propagandists have recently constructed a thesis according to which the revolutionary left, under Mao's aegis, has always been conducting a struggle against Liu Shao-ch'i's "revisionist bureaucrats."

This version runs into two difficulties: first, it makes the whole history of Chinese communism incomprehensible; second, it presents Mao as the leader of one tendency rather than as leader of the whole Chinese CP, of which he has been chairman for 33 years. If Peking propagandists were content to tell us that Liu Shao-ch'i had misinterpreted Party doctrine and given it a moderate tinge, we might perhaps be inclined to believe them, though the Party's former Number Two's reputation gave no clue to his reformist tendencies. But it is impossible to accept the fact that the Chinese CP's two main leaders could have lived together in a permanent state of war and disagreed about everything. Anyway, a reading of the various accusations against Liu Shao-ch'i shows that his "crimes" of today are not the result of his past unorthodoxy, but that a transformation of this orthodoxy has made his former actions retrospectively criminal.

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THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION is not the well-arranged ballet of a choreographer who has foreseen every tableau. Mao did not fear appealing to the base because he knew that his doctrine was so deeply entrenched in China that no one would be able to challenge the regime or the Party as such. In this respect events have borne him out. But the wind of change released by the base has carried away more institutions than anyone would have imagined in 1966.

The base did not limit itself to examining the quality of the cadres and sorting out the "good, satisfactory, bad and execrable." Once in motion it had to turn against the management methods which made possible anomalies and abuse of authority at every level of society. In the factories it was no longer a question of simply replacing managers and Party secretaries with better candidates: their functions had to be discredited. Similar phenomena appeared in the universities and administration, and no doubt also in certain communes although information on this subject is rather inadequate. "Things will never be the same again as they used to be before," was the vague summary made by Peking students to foreign guests who visited China last summer.

So events have put the problem of institutions on the agenda, and while no one seems ready with alternative models, the Central Group for the Cultural Revolution has given preference to the formula of a triple union, with one third of the officials elected directly from the base and one third chosen by the base from among Party cadres, more experienced in running things. The remainder are provided by Army cadres and there does not seem to have been any difficulties with this last third.

But the multiplicity of committees at the base and the absence of any unifying nucleus formally invested by a central authority have made the designation of new officials extremely difficult. So the constructive period of the Cultural Revolution will prove as disturbed as the previous one, and there were even bloody clashes at Wuhan during last summer. So far, only six provinces out of 27 have been able to elect "revolutionary committees of the triple alliance"; others still live under provisional systems which are the center of discussions.

The same goes for the municipal organization of the great cities, which is definitive in Peking, Shanghai and Tientsin and provisional everywhere else. Occasionally the formation of a revolutionary municipal committee is announced in a town, with the admission a few days later that the base did not recognize its authority and more discussions have begun.

The internal struggle in the factories is just as sharp. Almost everywhere, the committees at the base which emerged during the first phase of the Cultural Revolution are still disputing positions of responsibility, despite recent appeals from Chairman Mao who can see no reason why there should be a division within the working class. For the moment, some large undertakings are run directly by workers' committees drawn from the revolutionary rebels, the most radical minority. The press tells us that they succeeded in obtaining the majority of votes. Production bonuses have been reduced to a minimum in these undertakings and the salaries of the permanent staff, quite a small number anyway, are never higher than the average working wage.

But in the same city, sometimes only a few hundred yards from these "pilot factories," others can be found where everything is still provisional and no new form of administration has been selected. Of course, former Party secretaries have been dismissed almost everywhere, but where even a minimum unity has not been achieved, the Army has provided temporary administrators, designated in true military style: "Comrades delegated to the first line of combat for production." The Central Group for the Cultural Revolution does not seem to be putting any pressure on the workers to make them choose their own officials more quickly, and it is content to repeat its priority slogan: "Make revolution and promote production." Every day the newspapers reiterate that discussion is a good thing, but only out of working hours.

Schools and universities have been reopened after more than a year's holiday for "revolutionary activity." But nothing has yet been decided as to educational reform. Intermediate examinations have been abolished since they were too favorable to students of non-proletarian origin, and many former bourgeois professors have not resumed their courses. Every day the press publishes resolutions and propositions from the various student groups demanding a shortening of the period of study so that they can integrate into productive life more quickly. But even here nothing has been decided and everything is still provisional.

That the Maoists are in no hurry to take the situation in hand can no doubt be explained by their unwillingness to repeat the mistake they made in 1958 with the formation of the people's communes. At that time, once they had approved the articles of the first commune, the Party forced the whole country to adopt this new formula immediately. But China is too big to lend itself easily to this sort of uniformity; hence the relative failure of the communes. At present Mao is acting with circumspection and is waiting to see practical results from the various revolutionary committees before generalizing them.

But this is not the only reason. The Chinese regard ideology as the key to everything and they feel the activism of innumerable Red Guards and revolutionary rebels to be a supreme good, because this is the only way in which the masses will assimilate the thought of Chairman Mao. That is why they prefer that the "debate of a million people" carry on forever without coercion rather than see the masses return to their routine jobs and accept a formal discipline.

Thus, paradoxically, just at the time when some foreigners did not hesitate to proclaim that "China no longer exists as a coherent unity," Mao and his friends claimed on the contrary that "the situation in China has never been so good."

IT IS TOO EARLY YET to weigh the consequences of the Cultural Revolution and only the next year will give us a solution to the crucial problem of new Chinese institutions, including that of the Chinese CP. It is obvious that the events in that country are often affected by the peculiar character of Chinese civilization which has colored equally its communism, its men and its value system. Nevertheless, it would be absolutely incorrect to conclude that "the Chinese are not like us . . . they have a communism all of their own." For beyond the national and historical elements specific to the Chinese situation, China is dealing with a problem which is posed to the Communist movement as a whole, such as it developed during the decades of the Stalinist stranglehold.

The bureaucratic system of power, monolithic and strictly centralized, has served its time in the USSR and everywhere

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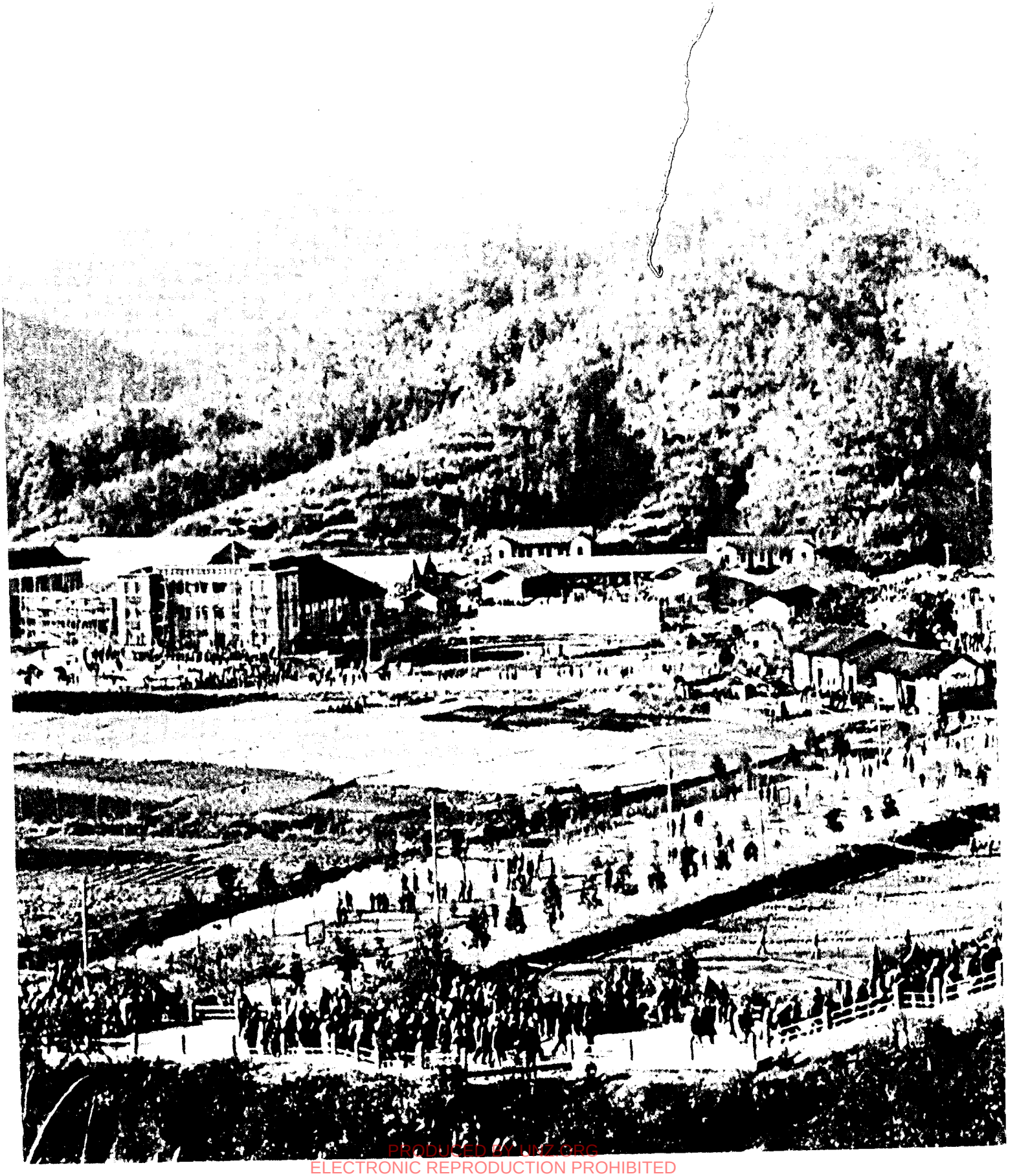

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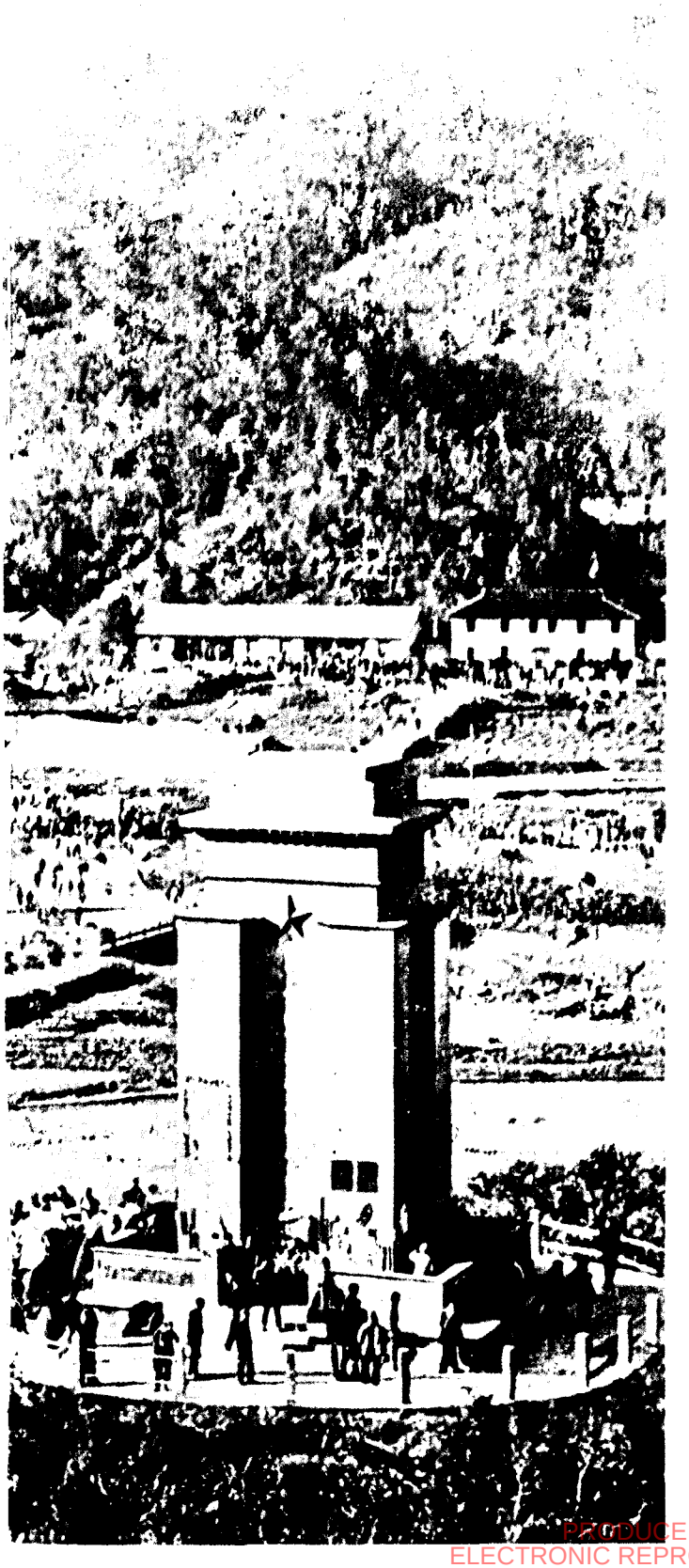

Tzuping, in the Chingkang Mountains. In 1927, this locale was the revolutionary base under Chairman Mao.

else. At present we know too much about the underside of its success for anyone to be seduced by its claims to economic efficiency. But if this political formula is universally denounced, it still shows a remarkable resistance to change. The hope that an elevation in the standard of living will in itself open the way to reform which is both democratic and proletarian does not seem easy to realize. The Soviet Union has found an outlet for this problem by recourse to economic mechanisms partially copied from Western models, for it would like to give the Russian people some respite after their long years of suffering. Even though its means of production are nationalized, the USSR runs the risk of producing another kind of mass-consumption society. Its choice of international policy, its dialogue with the United States, its badly veiled annoyance with the "revolutionary impatience" of some foreign Communists and its open anger at the Chinese contention are all the result of its difficult internal choices.

China has radically risen against the mediocrity of a centralized and bureaucratized power system. It is trying to give the opposite answer to that of the Soviets. It is rising against the economic laws that would justify profound inequalities between men for a long time to come and would put the accumulation process at the center of social life. It does not want to put off until a very distant date the transformation of social relations in a Communist direction.

For all these reasons it has taken the only road which seemed to be open to it: a return to an extreme form of proletarian democracy, to the power of the base. No doubt the means it has chosen to induce the total politicalization of the masses, to raise a process to the scale of 700 million people, are simplistic and elementary, but where and when has such an ambitious social effort ever been seen?

Of course, the Chinese answer to bureaucratization would have been more convincing if their analysis had really gone to the root of the evil. The universal value of the Cultural Revolution would have been easier to grasp if the Chinese had also made a more thorough analysis of a world situation which is often more complex than they are willing to admit and if they had been able to establish relations of mutual understanding with other revolutionary movements. Of course, the most serious limitation of the Cultural Revolution lies in the cult of personality which has made the little red book an ambiguous instrument. It calls for the liberation of the mind through its dialectical content and solicits personal responsibility, but at the same time it nurtures a religious faith in a truth given once and for all by a man above history, Mao Tse-tung.

All these contradictions in the Cultural Revolution are disquieting, for we are not dealing with a simple event containing only glowing promises for the future. But criticism can only be effective when it is based on an understanding of the real problems at issue. Nothing would be more sterile than for the Western left to criticize a social upheaval as profound as China's simply because it does not conform with the left's view of what Marxism ought to be. The West is so indignant at the "exaggerations" of the Chinese that it does not even take the trouble to look for the inner meaning and multiple aspects of the Cultural Revolution. But whether we like it or not, China is writing a new and perhaps decisive page of the history of communism in our time—and this involves our future too.

Photograph from China Photo Service

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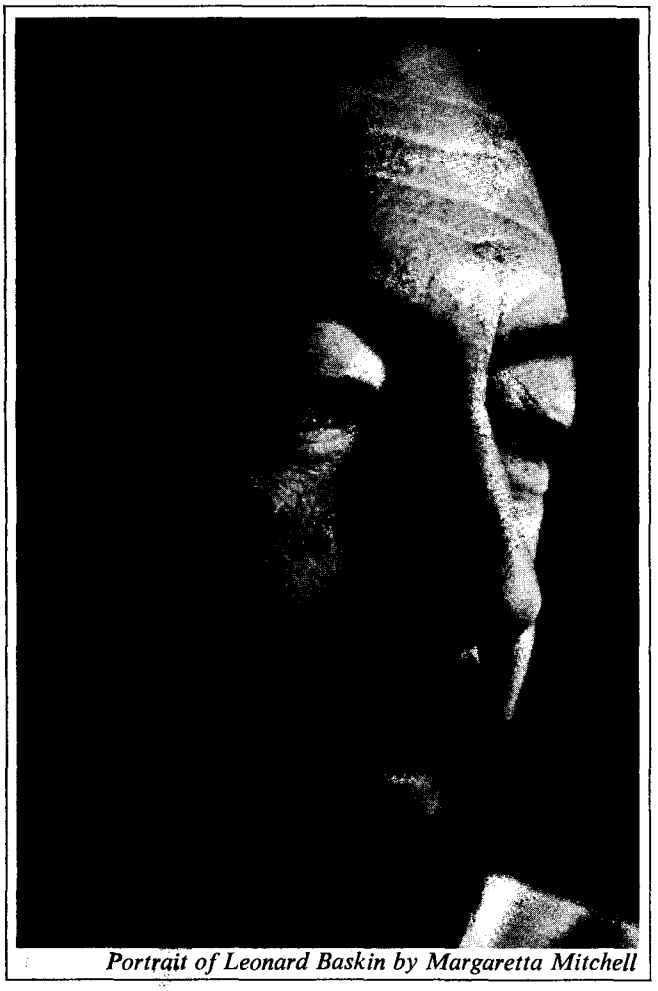
Leonard Baskin: "Animate with Hope"



Portrait of Leonard Baskin by Margaretta Mitchell

The Mendicant

An Interview by Margaretta Mitchell

IN THE PAST 15 YEARS *Leonard Baskin—sculptor and graphic artist* par excellence—*has reached his artistic maturity. Standing outside modern "schools" of art, possessing an extraordinary knowledge of and respect for traditional artistic forms, Baskin is one of the few contemporary artists whose sensibilities have not been brutalized by the twentieth century.*

There is something of the scholar in the artist. Not only does his work show a multiplicity of meanings in his choice of imagery, but Baskin himself writes (and speaks) an elegant baroque prose, as dense and lively as his work itself.

Few artists, particularly in these uncongenial times, develop a philosophy of art. Of those who do, few can or do express their world view in words as well as in works. Baskin, however, from his home, surrounded by sculptures, a huge library of illustrated books and his personal art collection, speaks like a sage. In this environment, his quiet voice has intense authority:

"When I saw the Whitney's annual exhibition of contemporary sculpture by presumably living artists, I was horrified, horrified because for the first time I was confronted by a species of art which I could not understand from an ideological point of view. I could grasp and cope with the philosophical problems of abstract expressionism, however limited I felt it to be. Much of the new art is, of course, irrational and offers no particular problems of understanding . . . But the new elemental purely super-objective environmental sculpture has one utterly baffled. In truth it is nothing more or less than a strike at art itself, for it denies art. It is not merely a concern with formal problems, organization of shapes in space; it seeks to minimize what sculpture is and could be to the barest essentials of sheer form. And beyond that, the sculptors do not bother to fabricate these works of art themselves. Ideally, from their point of view, these works of art perhaps operate best when they are manufactured by a mechanic. The artist (I am using the word throughout for I have no ready or easy substitute) prepares his specifications. What emerges is, for example, a box, a cube, made by a steel or tin smith, standing in the middle of a room, displacing space. But what in God's name is it meant to be—what is it meant to do?

"I can understand an attempt to probe at the heart of a form, to try to derive the essence of a form—I can understand *that* by stretching my imaginative equipment. Presumably the essence of anything is the heart of anything. At the very heart

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Tobias and the Angel

stands the utmost reality. Here we are presented with, as I say, the minimum of a form created for its own sake. About nothing—it is the heart of nothing. Whether the object is solid or void, it represents nothing, it communicates nothing; it exists in space. It has no presence as far as I can see, and presence is the one mysterious quality which the critics like to attribute to works of this kind. It is, in other words, a vast Emperor's Clothing. Nothing I know of in the history of art has come so close to a fulfillment of that ancient fable: 'The Emperor is naked!' cried the little child.

"What should it be? I'll give you a pompous answer. Art should attempt to express what is in every other way inexpressible. I'm not sure what it should be—but I'm awfully sure what it should *not* be. The architectural basis of all things begins with Cezanne—he is the ultimate culprit. From him flows cubism and from cubism synthetic cubism and all of its other manifestations—futurism, abstract expressionism, pop art—all losing touch with reality. Op art, of course, doesn't participate—it's an ideational activity which rationally organizes in order to fool the eye, a great plaything. It is nothing more than itself.

"It's all a part of the entertainment/fashion industry. There have to be new faces, a new line of goods. See how quickly every new fad in art finds instant expression in clothes? Works better in clothing, too. And see how incredibly fast these modes succeed one another? Oh hell, I've been saying this for years and no one else but the Philistines seem to agree, and to hell with them! The Emperor is indeed naked and the charla-

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Eagle

tans in the art world—the tailors of new artifacts—have been leading the sophisticated world, the world that is terrified of disapproving, the world which is bowed under ancestral guilt, the world which is suffering what I call the Van Gogh syndrome: 'It may turn out to be important. It may turn out to be great. How do we know? Look what we did to Van Gogh! We must never reject anything an artist makes for fear of his future greatness!'

"The worse piece at the Whitney, if one can use so reactionary a notion as judgment, was a piece with no title, happily, which consisted of a board painted red leaning against the wall. Nothing more, nothing less. To my utter distress, someone bought this work. I am at a hopeless loss to know, a) what impelled anyone to buy it? and b) why did the artist make it or (more accurately) cause it to be made? One could, of course, turn to explanations of faddism, of chic, of being in the know—people evidently buy things for that reason—but that still leaves the mystery of its creation unanswered. Obviously I have nothing but the fiercest contempt for this nonsense. The show very nearly sickened me and I had to leave the museum in a very high state of dudgeon indeed.

"Do I feel a necessity to carry on the great tradition of art, to relate it to this century? I think it is death not to. But I think that you cannot do it simply by mimicking the older artists. I think of tradition as a great tree trunk. Each period puts out branches which are new, which derive from, receive help from the main trunk. One of course uses all the devices available to our times, but bent to one's own purpose, assimilated and expressive of one's distinct and unique sensibility. But the reasons for making art have not changed. People fundamentally have not changed: that seems to me the biggest point of all. It is generally thought that we vastly differ from the men who preceded us. So there's an avant garde. But how can you have an avant garde when it is completely and totally accepted? Avant garde one week and Harper's Bazaar the next. . . . In truth we are overwhelmingly kin to our forebears.

"One of the great problems is that the younger persons are great mimics. And in many of the art schools the young student is not going to submit himself to the arduous training which teaches him to draw, the one really basic thing he has to know. You remember what Matisse said in that famous letter to a young artist: 'Learn everything there is to learn, then do what you like.' Follow Matisse's dictum and have a choice. In the schools you find imitations of Warhol, Jim Dine, Robert Indiana, the whole works, and they are very easy to imitate. The less training the better when it comes to pop, for it's sham

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Poet Laureate

Owl

and banality. What happens when the kids wake up and want to do something else? They will be slaves to their lack of craft. What a terrible position to be in!

"I've said all this before. I suppose that my most powerful epigram is to ask why we should settle for an art that does not bleed when we prick it. Why settle for the puny and meaningless? People have not changed in spite of the irrelevancies of their atomic weapons and other Great Toys. But if you want to understand the motivation for a great deal of art in our time you have to understand, in a highly difficult and technical way, the coming to the absurd and the anxious. The absurd: our great new key word. The celebration of the absurd! Obviously you cannot maintain gentlemanly, bourgeois mannerliness in a time when the bomb may end the world and when profit-making flowers in the gore of Vietnam. The celebration of the absurd, the irrational, the banal, is infantile and impotent. You must coalesce, marshal your artistic forces and smash it, destroy the venal crap that overlays our landscape. Give up the subjective-objective twaddle and pierce to the matrix of reality where man abounds, maimed yet arduous, blasted yet quick of pulse, perilous yet still animate with hope."

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The McCarthy Campaign

by Andrew Kopkind

HISTORY IS FULL OF LAST CHANCES, lost opportunities and unperceived possibilities. The history of political liberalism in America for the past 20 years is composed of very little else. Now, in the winter of 1968, when the country is practically *in extremis*, the keepers of that liberal heritage have found themselves confronted by the severest—and the final—test of their legitimacy. There is no way within the system to save the system except by the presentation of a practicable, *possible* political alternative to the present impossible choices.

For a year or more, liberal activists have been fussing about with one project or another, searching for a pool of political energy and a way to exploit it. There were local "moderate" peace candidates, Vietnam Summer, the National Conference for New Politics, a King-Spock ticket, a Hatfield boom and a Kennedy Restoration. Not all were real, and those that were led to nothing or else spun off their radical components into discrete, tangential orbits. Finally, after all that trying, the very core of the liberal tradition has brought forth its candidate for the last, best hope of America.

He is, of course, Eugene J. McCarthy, and now it appears that he is no hope after all. McCarthy is a sympathetic, intelligent man, sincerely rational and profoundly cynical. If politics were nothing more than a show of sensibility, McCarthy would be counted a success; there is a touch of the (minor) poet that conceals the corruption and compromise of his role. But of the uses of power he knows little, and cares less. His campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination has had its occasional moments of exuberance, but mostly it has been flat, tasteless and strangely out of context with the crisis of its time.

"I don't know whether it will be political suicide," McCarthy joked at his press conference on the day when, at the end of November, he announced his candidacy. "It will probably be more like an execution." All along, the message of his campaign has been its hopelessness, and McCarthy seems to derive a certain reassurance from his lack of effect. "It's nonsense to set my mind on the presidency," he said some weeks later in his Senate office, as he sunk into a dark, fragrant leather chair. "The challenge on the issue—that's the important thing." In the windmill-tilting racket, the tilt is all; no one wants—or expects—the vanes to stop. "I'm testing the system," McCarthy concluded softly, and then nodded his head to acknowledge that he had no doubt that the system would be found wanting.

What lays beyond the rhetoric of challenge in McCarthy's mind is still obscure. In the campaign legend, the germ of the idea was planted by his daughter, Mary, who from the margins of Radcliffe radicalism chided her father for not making good on his liberal ideals. Father had indeed been cautious. In private he worried about the war, but in public he said little, and in Congress he lined up with the Democratic leadership more often than not. He had voted for the Tonkin Resolution, extension of the draft and the various war appropriations. Suddenly he grew uneasy. "If you've been around for 30 years passing moral judgments on politics and society, you've got to take a stand," he said one morning a few weeks ago. "You can't go waving your wooden sword forever."

ONCE MOTIVATED, McCarthy began sniffing out the dank places of liberal politics for possible sources of support. He found encouragement on the (slightly) left wing of ADA, where anti-war sentiment was strong. The half-dozen or so Democratic congressmen who have arranged themselves in noble but futile coalition ("the Sisyphus Club") were pleased. He could count on most of SANE, the legions of the California Democratic Council and the New York Reform Democratic clubs. He had seen the ads for dissident and concerned Democrats in the usual liberal periodicals, and he assumed that most of them, whoever they were, would welcome a "peace" candidacy, as long as the candidate were over thirty and shaved regularly. Most of the political preparation had been done by the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese: they had made anti-war politics possible in America by winning the war in Vietnam. And the liberal space had been stretched by the radical war protest movements, which had been at work all during the time McCarthy had been agonizing over the national honor and keeping his mouth shut in the Capitol.

McCarthy declared his intentions in a press conference in the Senate caucus room (where John Kennedy had done the same thing eight years earlier), then flew to Chicago where the Concerned Democrats were conveniently assembled for endorsement of his candidacy. The affair had been arranged by Allard K. Lowenstein, who at age forty was in the process of casting off his role as the oldest student leader in America in exchange for a more adult profession. Lowenstein has made a career of checkered careers. He was president of the National Student Association shortly before the CIA took over, and remained chief kibbitzer in the NSA old-boys network. In other incarnations, Lowenstein was a dorm counselor and teacher at Stanford (he left amid charges that he was turning students on to political activism), an important organizer of the 1964 Mississippi Summer Project (he turned against SNCC for its radicalism in midsummer), an aspirant for the Reform Democratic designation in a New York congressional primary, an aide to Hubert Humphrey, a publicist for South-West African independence and a vice president of Americans for Democratic Action.

Lowenstein saw his political future in the Kennedy camp, but his entreaties to Bobby to run for the presidency in 1968 had been unavailing. In September, Lowenstein made a deter-

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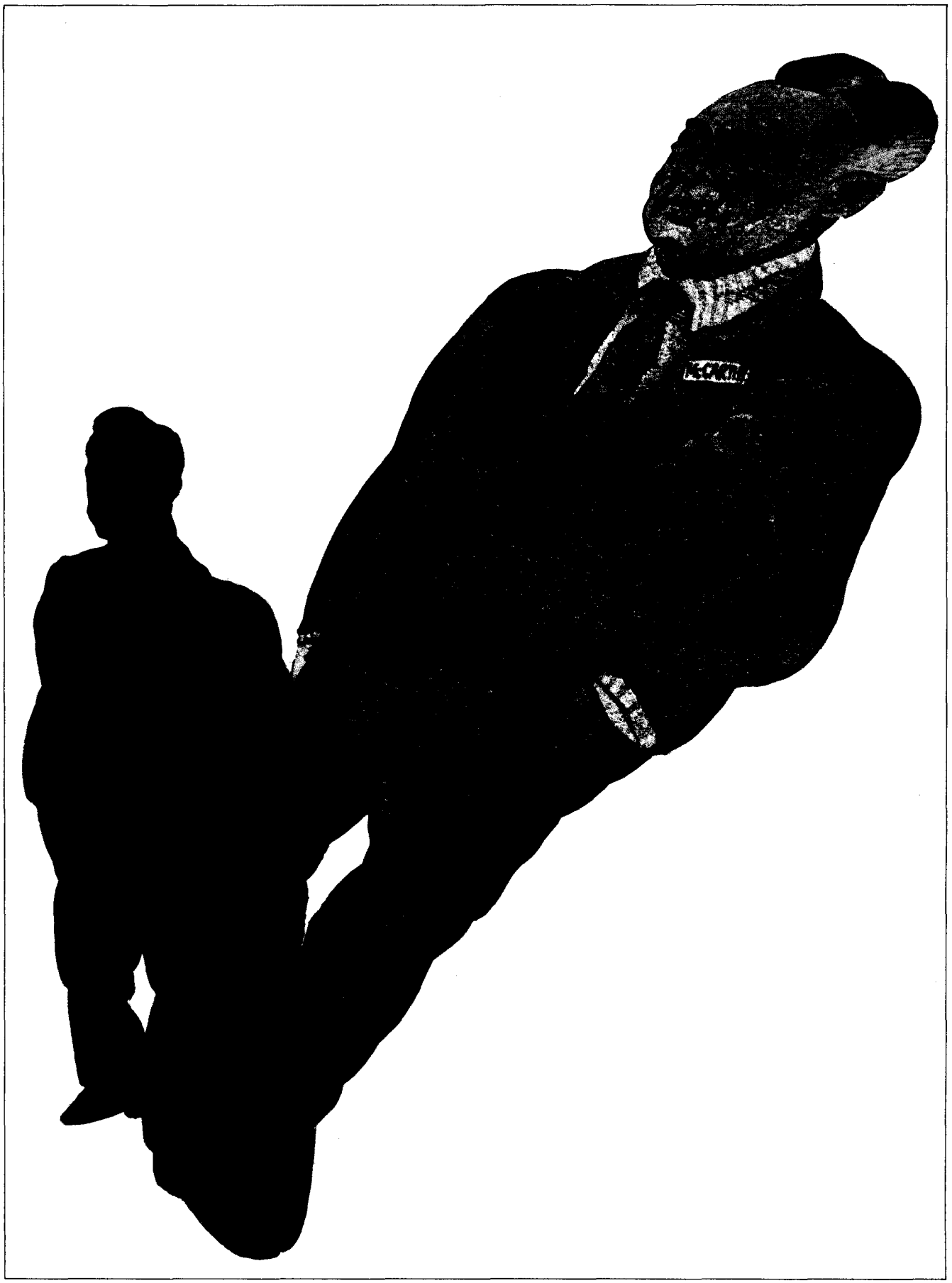

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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mined effort to talk Kennedy into the campaign, and when it failed, he reconciled himself to supporting a lesser figure. By the time of the Chicago conference, McCarthy was the only possibility, but Lowenstein was not completely happy. McCarthy, he thought, was pitched in too low a key for a "peace movement" campaign. More than that, the senator's position on Vietnam—stop the bombing, withdraw to enclaves and try to negotiate—was considerably behind that of his most militant supporters. Lowenstein found the 500 Chicago delegates restless, bored and a little disappointed even in anticipation of McCarthy's appearance; whereupon he proceeded to deliver an enormously exciting speech to the convention, to the accompaniment of a brass band's rendition of "Hello, Dolly." McCarthy waited in the wings, "kicking paper cups," someone said. Lowenstein soared higher and higher. "He didn't just warm up the crowd," a McCarthy campaigner said later, "he overheated it."

It was more than a letdown when McCarthy finally gained control of the rostrum. His own speech was dry and dull, and the audience response was in the same vein. It was there that the image of McCarthy as a cool fish was born, and it haunts the campaign to this day. Lowenstein's tentative relationship with the campaign also appears to date from the Chicago speech, although McCarthy is at a loss to explain why. "I keep asking Al, 'What do you want to do?' " McCarthy complained recently, "and he won't exactly tell me. I guess he wants to run in the Senate primary in New York. I don't know."

Even with a more felicitous beginning, McCarthy's relationship with Lowenstein held small promise of success. Like many bright men, McCarthy likes to surround himself with aides who are distinctly duller. There are a few outsiders with whom he talks on political subjects and the great issues of the day—Joseph Rauh Jr of ADA, Gilbert Harrison of the New Republic, Robert McAfee Brown, the Stanford theologian, and some of the more clever journalists around the country—but with a few exceptions, his office and campaign staffs are inexperienced or worse. His campaign manager, former CBS News Director Blair Clark, is understanding and resourceful, but his only campaign experience was as press director of the Harriman-for-President Committee in 1952. McCarthy's first press man, Tom Page of the Peace Corps public affairs office, was shunted into an eddy of the campaign after a few weeks out front. The rest of the crew of teeny-bopper liberals is eager enough, but the Washington office has something of the atmosphere of a student council election headquarters.

By early February, Lowenstein's role in the campaign was unclear, even to the McCarthy staff. There were stories that he was out, then in, then half-out or half-in. In the back of his mind, Lowenstein was still hoping, if not working, for a Bobby miracle. On January 31—the day after Kennedy made another in his series of disavowals of candidacy—Lowenstein flew to Washington to tell Bobby how sorry he was.

AL LOWENSTEIN IS NOT ALONE in his sorrow. Much of what is left of the liberal community in America was waiting for the Camelot plot to fulfill itself, and the once and future Kennedy to reappear. As Kennedy later told Lowenstein, however, he simply could not put the thing together—not yet, at any rate. He felt that Johnson could manipulate opinion and demand Democratic loyalty with sufficient strength to stop any attempt at an organized dump.

In their own separate ways, the Kennedy forces and the McCarthy minions were acting in response to the same constellation of political circumstances: the breakup of the Democratic coalition, the disenfranchisement of the remaining liberals and the fluidity of the general political scene. Intuitively, the McCarthy men began to emulate the vintage 1948 model for the reorganization of the liberal bloc. In the original version, intellectuals and trade unionists formed the ADA and secured control of major labor groups, local political parties and private parapolitical organizations. To legitimize their claims as well as to rid themselves of their fiercest rivals, the liberals cleansed existing organizations of all radical elements, and when that was not possible, they formed parallel groups that excluded the unwashed left. ADA countered the Progressive Party and supported Truman over Henry Wallace; the Liberal Party in New York was aimed against Vito Marcantonio's American Labor Party. In Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey and Orville Freeman, with a little help from their friends (like Eugene McCarthy), drove the Reds out of the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party. Walter Reuther did the same in the CIO.

One of McCarthy's younger campaign workers—who must have been in grammar school when all of that took place—said last month that it was his hope that McCarthy would build an "enclave" within the Democratic Party as a home for liberals and a launching place for social change. That was the line in the old days. The liberals were safe and secure as long as they could translate the demands of their constituencies into benefits from a Democratic Administration.

In fact, the liberal leaders were simply entrepreneurs of the system. They held title to a base of union members, intellectuals, Negroes, ethnic minorities, young professionals and ex-radicals in wide assortment. If all went well, they could gather up bloc votes, money, campaign work and general support to offer the Party politicians. In exchange, they were given labor legislation, peace and civil liberties, civil rights, welfare and a bagful of reforms to deliver to the folks at the grass roots.

The power brokerage game has a vocabulary of humanitarian virtue and popular idealism, but it is played as rough as machine politics or wheeler-dealer business. Explicit bargains involving the lives and hopes of millions of people are struck in Capitol Hill offices and Washington lunch clubs; for example, Roy Wilkins and Walter Reuther slugged it out in a day-long battle in the White House in 1963 to see who would lead the officially-sponsored civil rights "movement" (President Kennedy gave Wilkins the job). Implicit deals are arranged more subtly, in the regions of men's minds: labor leaders, for instance, understand that they must cut the edge of militancy in their unions if they are to be welcome in Administration councils. The status of the brokers depends on how smoothly they can keep the system flowing.

During the Eisenhower years, the middlemen—Joe Rauh, Reuther, Schlesinger, Humphrey and the rest—clung to their positions on the promise that the Democrats would be back in power before long and the goods would roll once more. For recreation, they formulated ideologies to rationalize their own interests and confirm the historical mission of the system they served. The theories were elaborate: "end of ideology," anti-communism, neo-Keynesianism. With Kennedy's election, the liberals achieved their finest, if briefest, hour. Many of the top men came straight into the Administration; the others could buzz in and out as they pleased.

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But the liberal perceptions of even the most steadfast are warped by the experience of power. The most obvious—and most pathetic—example was Adlai Stevenson; his eloquence proved equally appropriate to lies as it once was to truth. There was a lot of selling out, as there always is, and the great movements for change never seemed to be launched from the enclaves. But by the time of the assassination—and for a year afterwards—the entrepreneurial system was working as well as it ever could.

THE WAR AND ITS DOMESTIC consequences changed all of that. The intellectuals dropped out first, then the Negroes, the ethnic minorities and the young professionals. George Meany discovered that he needed no middlemen to represent his interests to the power structure. He was *in* it. Fresh disasters befell the Administration—the black uprisings, tight money, the backlash; all, in their own ways, reinforced the total effect of disintegration. After a while there was no role for the middlemen; they had no base to trade and no goods to deliver. And the legitimacy that they had won with anti-communism was destroyed by the exposure of their complicity with the CIA establishment.

It may not have been in McCarthy's mind, but it must have been in his guts to recreate the 1948 scene. This time the peace movement would be the base of support, the anti-war intellectuals would supply the rhetoric and the Negroes and student activists would provide the necessary energy. Like the communists before, the most radical elements would be purged. It was a nice idea, but divorced from real politics. The peace movement is not the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; it is not organized or structured nor does it have much potential in those directions. Few whites, least of all the McCarthy liberals, can talk with the ghetto Negroes. On the same hand, the liberals can *only* talk to the white radicals but there is no guarantee that they will listen. Most of all, McCarthy could not hope to deliver the necessary pay-off—an end to the war—from the Democratic Administration.

Try as he might, McCarthy has not been able to get all or even most of the liberal community on his side. There are good political managers around in profusion these days, and many of them call themselves liberals. But the best of them are in the Kennedy camp, and they fancy that they have a better sense of power than the "mushy" types with McCarthy. Although there is much overlapping and the categories themselves are vague, it is clear that the "power" liberals have no confidence in the significance of a McCarthy campaign. The Kennedy men have been interested in reorganizing Democratic politics too, but they put little stock in the peace movement as their agent. Rather, they favor the "urban" route; the angry and oppressed masses in the cities are a tougher force than the suburban SANE-niks. The Kennedys don't forget their Marxism. Bobby Kennedy thinks his project in Bedford-Stuyvesant points the way to the politicalization of the slums, and the Kennedy Institute academics are developing the techniques and the ideologies to support the effort. The urbanists may be as unreal as the peaceniks, but they are concentrating on their own plan.

Despite the counter-indicative arguments and evidence, McCarthy cannot help but identify himself and his campaign with the "respectable" peace constituency. It is a comfortable, middle-class, white and well-educated family. They believe that they are the only effective political agents in the land; they have not yet learned the truth of their own powerlessness. Like his people, McCarthy is a gentle elitist, with that mixture of good intentions, self-delusion and arrogance common to the breed. His own history is the perfect scenario for the Liberal's Progress.

McCarthy's first job was in the "intelligence community" as a War Department spook during World War II. He taught sociology at a Catholic college in St. Paul, then began dabbling in Democrat-Farmer-Labor politics, on the Humphrey side. He helped Humphrey purge radicals from the DFL, and was rewarded with a congressional nomination in 1948. In those days, McCarthy seemed more aggressive than he is now. He played the *old* McCarthyist game on both sides of the street, speaking out against the witch hunts and then, in a sense, legitimizing them. He bitterly attacked Joe McCarthy (the two once debated on the air) for threatening the civil liberties of non-communists, and he offered a successful amendment to a security bill in Congress which gave the right of appeal to civil servants who had been fired for suspected subversion. But in 1954 he supported the "Humphrey Bill" outlawing the Communist Party. And he later said: "It seems clear enough that the Communist Party gives lip service to freedom only to exploit and abuse it."

In the mid-'50s, it was perfectly acceptable for a liberal politician to take an imperialist line on foreign policy. The following statements have an authentic Dullesian ring: "The U.S. must undertake to preserve Western civilization and the peoples who value it . . . [and] guard and protect our lifelines to vital materials and necessary supplies of oil, tin, manganese, uranium, etc. . . preserve our national honor . . . and raise the economic and cultural level of peoples of other civilizations and thus promote the cause of justice and world peace.

". . . It is to the interest of the United States to protect non-communist countries against communist combination, even to the point of using American troops under certain conditions."

It was not Dulles, but McCarthy who said all that (the first statement in 1951, the second in 1954). The point is not that McCarthy should be hung on his words of 15 years ago. He is aware of the inconsistencies, and in his campaign speeches is careful to say that the nature of international communism has changed, and that the U.S. response should now change with it. In a real way, however, liberals of the Cold War period laid the foundation for today's anti-communist imperialism. They never challenged the whole framework of ideology, which as it turned out was of their own construction. In theory, they said, it was perfectly all right to wage the world counter-revolution, if the consequences were not too disagreeable. Naturally, those in power, whose interests are really at stake in foreign policy, will accept the premise and feel free to disregard the qualification. The conception of America's role in world politics which McCarthy formulated in 1951 led almost inevitably to John Kennedy's policy of counterinsurgency in 1961, and from there to the Cuban missile crisis and, at the end, to the genocidal war in Vietnam. Unresponsive now to demands of the power centers, McCarthy can easily see the necessity for the liquidation of a particular imperialist adventure. But it is not hard to imagine what line he would take if he were in the seat now occupied by his soul brother, Hubert Humphrey.

In Congress, McCarthy voted for most of the standard

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liberal programs, and in 1957 he helped organize the Democratic Study Group in the House (originally called "McCarthy's Marauders") to consolidate the attack. The DSG became the major instrument of congressional liberals during that period of feverish political jockeying in preparation for their roles in the New Frontier. McCarthy worked his way up into the ranks of the Ways and Means Committee, and quickly discovered the political and social benefits that its membership conferred.

WHEN MCCARTHY MOVED TO THE SENATE in 1959, he slid easily into the Finance Committee and settled down to a casual life in that most boring of all parliamentary bodies. The Finance Committee was where it was at, and it was the custom of members to trade favors for political support, senatorial status, and—in the case of the more venal types—campaign funds and personal "contributions." McCarthy never stooped to venality (he is, unfortunately, the poorest of the current presidential candidates), but he was not above playing the bill-swapping game or using his influence within the Committee for little political gambits. It was all harmless enough. He voted for oil depletion allowances in 1964 and has generally been considered a friend of the oil and gas industries, with only a few regrets—mostly on the Senate floor where they are for public consumption, and not in Committee, where they count. He justifies his oil votes for the liberal audience by arguing that depletion allowances have been "built into the structure of the industry, its price structure and capitalization." Major reduction in the allowances would be harmful to the country's economy, he thinks, and so he voted along with Lyndon Johnson, the lobbyists and William Fulbright. To his critics, he gently thumbs his nose: "The oil depletion allowance is not really a great liberal issue."

There were other favors for large corporations and their managers which did not fit McCarthy's definition of "great liberal issues." In 1962 he tried to kill (unsuccessfully) an Administration proposal to close the loophole on expense account deductions. There was no significant lobby against the measure, and it seemed like a logical step to most of the great liberals. Russell Long, who was soon to become the effective (and then actual) chairman of the Committee, favored retaining the loophole, under the "prudent man theory." Anything a "prudent man" would deduct from his tax return should be allowed. McCarthy agreed. In reply to criticism on that one, he said scornfully that the Kennedys never gave him the time of day, and he felt no obligation to vote for their little reforms.

McCarthy probably had a few other fishes frying. The schema of the Finance Committee gives the chairman absolute power over tax legislation, and he allows members to promote their pet projects on the implicit promise of favors in return. There are also deals made between the members themselves, both for support of legislation and other political advantages. Not for nothing did Paul Douglas support the candidacy of Russell Long for Democratic Whip; Douglas came right after Long in seniority on the Committee. McCarthy has seen his small share of special bills through Finance. One of them was for the tax relief of Twin Cities Rapid Transit, a local firm that needed government largesse to make up big deficits in conversion from streetcars to buses. McCarthy got a bill passed for such purposes but President Kennedy vetoed it in 1961; in his veto message he alluded to the shadiness of the company's operation: "The management converted rapidly . . . to complete its fraudulent activity quickly." Undaunted, McCarthy brought the matter up again in 1962, this time as a veto-proof amendment to a tax bill. In the ensuing Senate floor debate, Douglas attacked McCarthy and Humphrey (who helped his junior colleague from Minnesota): "Those who have powerful friends on the Senate Finance Committee or are powerful members of [it] can frequently enjoy a better meal at the public table than those to whom the doors are barred." The amendment passed. Among its most influential supporters was Senator Robert Kerr, the king of the oil industry's bag men.

In sum, it is pretty much small time stuff, but then McCarthy never has been in the big time. His Senate record is not exactly barren, but he has yet to sponsor a major piece of legislation. He toyed with the Ethics Committee investigation of Tom Dodd, and successfully cut the probe off as it began to get into the meat of the case. He explained afterwards that he could not stomach the hypocrisy of senators who were as guilty as Dodd but were now tormenting him as a scapegoat. He finally voted for censure. McCarthy's biggest moment in the Senate in years came during the last session, when he introduced a resolution creating a congressional watchdog system over the CIA. But then, out of boredom or peevishness, he let the matter drop in mid-course.

THERE WAS A BRIEF MOMENT IN 1964 when McCarthy thought he might escape into the executive branch. He hoped that his liberal record, his Catholic devotion, and his trustworthiness on the Finance Committee (not to mention the oil votes) could get him the vice presidential nomination. After all, McCarthy had done Lyndon Johnson a favor in 1960 by nominating Adlai Stevenson at the Democratic convention. Intended or not, the move had drawn support away from Kennedy and strengthened Johnson's relative position. McCarthy had said that Johnson was his own second choice, after Stevenson.

But Johnson did not reciprocate the favor in 1964. At dawn on the big day at the Atlantic City convention, McCarthy realized that he was being used for dramatic effect, and "withdrew" from contention with an early-morning telegram to the President and a statement to the press. Johnson was enraged. His stage play called for a walk with McCarthy around the White House lawn before the kiss-off. Now he had to settle for Tom Dodd as a stand-in.

The present presidential campaign offers McCarthy some relief from the monotony of the Senate. Even when an item appears on the calendar that might be used in his campaign he cannot bring himself to take the subway over to the Capitol. For example, he (as well as 94 other senators) was not present to vote on the nomination of Clark Clifford for secretary of Defense. He confessed that he did not know the matter was coming up. In any case, he knew that one voice against Clifford would not have meant much (although in his first year in the Senate he joined with other liberals to block a Republican President's nomination of Admiral Lewis Strauss as secretary of Commerce).

It is startling to compare McCarthy's pervasive cynicism in congressional politics with the exalted idealism of his campaign. He acts under the assumption that individual acts of political courage make little sense in the Capitol, but proclaims that they mean everything on the stump. At the beginning,

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McCarthy had hoped that his candidacy could frighten the President into changing his war policy. Perhaps a different campaign might have done just that—one which mobilized large numbers of people for a direct attack on the legitimacy of the Johnson Administration, with the explicit threat of making a massive defection from the Democratic Party in November. But McCarthy refrains from such tactics and remains a good Party man. He usually tells his audiences he would have "no problem" voting against almost any Republican, except an avowed dove. Unless his most militant advisers have more success in their persuasion than they have had so far, McCarthy will not lead his followers into the Republican camp in the fall.

Even if he could not help defeat Johnson or bring an immediate change in foreign policy, some benefit might come out of the campaign if McCarthy could educate an active group of voters for future political work. To do that, he would have to give them information and help draw the connections and relationships between forces which the Democratic center tries to obscure. But McCarthy never even begins to talk about the underlying causes of the war, the fundamental imbalances which produce poverty and support racism, or the real dimensions of the crisis of America's empire. He feels more at home lecturing about the superficial inequities and injustices. Perhaps he underestimates his audiences; they know the war is wrong and that black people are oppressed. What they want to know is *why*, and what can be done.

At St. Anselm's College, in Manchester, New Hampshire, McCarthy gave his typical answer: "Change will really not come in response to what I have to say. It will come in part, I hope, from that. I suppose it will really not come in response to what you may say or do here in New Hampshire and how you may vote. But I think that, in part, that change can be influenced by what does take place here in New Hampshire in March. And I ask . . . that you be aware at least of that share of the burden of citizenship which you carry in the United States, that what you say in some way will be heard, and that what you do—even though it may seem to be unimportant and minimal—will also be noted."

It is not surprising that a lot of people walked out puzzled. They were not worried about his "style," which the daily press keeps attacking. Like any sensitive adult, McCarthy disdains the extraverted, arm-grabbing approach to politics. "People don't want to be shouted at," he said on opening day of his drive for the New Hampshire primary vote. "This is a confrontation of issues, not a presentation of a personality." On the trail, he chats amiably with newsmen and passersby, and although he seems to find it a little tiresome, he presses on. He spends as little time as he has to in campaign appearances; his is the first campaign in recorded history that runs ahead of schedule. At St. Anselm's, McCarthy ended his shortish speech with a burst of Stevensonian eloquence ("This need not be an America where . . . It can be an America which. . . .") but did not convert the applause this received into more lasting effect. He could have done it easily by answering questions or chatting with the students and townspeople afterwards. But he would not; McCarthy seems embarrassed and awkward with ordinary citizens, and prefers to keep as far away as possible. A little elitism goes a long way on the campaign trail.

But the problem at heart is not McCarthy's inability to thrust a personality on the public. Candidates have overwhelmed voters and still lost elections, and shy men have made revolutions. It is what McCarthy's campaign means that makes the difference. He says he is providing an "alternative" to the frustration of the protesters, and he is applauded for that effort by both the Establishment press and the frightened liberals. At the end, however, he may be causing more frustration than he relieves. A campaign without a political focus is hopeless from the start.

McCarthy's failure, both personally and politically, is a perfect metaphor for the failure of liberalism in the American '60s. Liberalism is where people are not. In another age, McCarthy's gentle appeals to reason and his touching loyalty to the Democratic Party might have found wide acceptance. Their audience now is distinctly limited.

The importance of the McCarthy campaign lies in its unimportance; its pathos is its unreality. McCarthy sets his political objective as a "test of the system," and a "challenge to the war." These goals are worthy only if the campaign has a reasonable chance of success. But even McCarthy knows that it does not, and the inevitable consequences rob the effort of its essential morality. When the political season is over, and McCarthy disposes of his few votes and minimal support, his cause is likely to be the loser. The peace constituency will be discredited, the liberal leadership will be more easily ignored and the Johnson Administration will be as strong or stronger than it ever was. In addition, the radical protest movement to change the system from outside will have been injured by the accusations of the McCarthyites whose political interests are now directly opposed to those of the radicals. McCarthy himself may find contentment in the belief that he has committed "suicide"—the final act of personal morality. But political morality cannot exist outside of political reality; it's not how you play the game but whether you win or lose. To believe you will win and then lose is excusable; to know all the time you will lose is not.

The real victims in all this are the frustrated and alienated people, as McCarthy speaks of them, who trudge through the snow to get a glimpse of the candidate, or stuff envelopes in wretched campaign headquarters on the off chance that it will do some good. They must believe in the campaign for they have nothing else. They hate the war and they are terrified by the failure of the institutions they once relied on. They will not vote for Johnson, they cannot vote for Bobby Kennedy, they are made physically ill by the sight of Nixon or the thought of Reagan, and they cannot bring themselves to storm the steps of the Pentagon. Their last, best hope is indeed in McCarthy, and now he cannot tell them what his campaign means.

It is small consolation that even he sees his predicament. "It's worse than I thought," he said at the end of a long talk in his office, a few months into the campaign. "It might have been better to let things run wild—to have a peasants' revolt. Maybe it would have been better to stand back and let people light fires on the hill."

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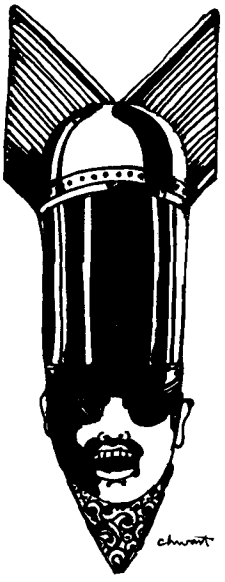
The Regrouping of Doves in Moscow, Hanoi, Saigon & Washington *Also:* Why They Will Never Get Off The Ground



Drawing by Seymour Chwast

by Peter Dale Scott

DURING EACH OF THE LAST FOUR JANUARIES, attempts have been made to open negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the war in Vietnam. Every time, however, these attempts have been frustrated by a new stage in the steady U.S. escalation of the conflict.

In 1965, for example, just as Premier Kosygin was reportedly making efforts to mediate in Hanoi between the United States and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV), the first regular bombing of North Vietnam took place. And during the following January the communists' public concessions, in the form of reduced military activity and an easing of the terms for negotiations, were answered by the U.S. with the largest ground operations of the war to that date. This sequence was repeated in January 1967.

Inasmuch as these past reductions in hostilities by the communists were treated by U.S. generals as "proof of enemy weakness," it should not surprise anyone that this year the National Liberation Front (NLF) and the DRV have chosen to exploit the dry season militarily.* At the least, this would strengthen their bargaining position.

Again, however, Hanoi has made a public concession to American requirements for reaching a political settlement. On December 29, 1967, Foreign Minister Trinh stated that a cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam *will* (rather than *could*) be followed by "conversations with the U.S. on relevant problems."

This would seem to be exactly the "authoritative message from Hanoi" for which Ambassador Goldberg appealed in the U.N. last September 21: "No such third party—including those governments which are among Hanoi's closest friends—has conveyed to us any authoritative message from Hanoi that there would in fact be negotiations if the bombing were stopped. We have sought such a message from Hanoi without success" (New York Times, Sept. 22, 1967, p. 16). It would also seem designed to meet the President's promise (in his San Antonio speech of September 29 and interview of December 19) that "We will stop bombing immediately provided you will have prompt and productive discussions" (N.Y. Times, Dec. 20, 1967, p. 16). Thus the President no longer linked a stop in the bombing to a prior assurance that North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam had already ceased. On September 29 he merely stated: "We of course assume that while discussions proceed, North Vietnam would not take advantage of the bombing cessation or limitation."

This concession, inserted to meet growing demands in the U.S. Senate for a bombing pause, seemed to leave only one area for possible further exploration—the exact nature of "prompt and productive" discussions. On January 16, 1968, the chief North Vietnamese representative in Western Europe, Mai Van Bo, stated that talks would begin "after a suitable time." East Europeans have estimated that talks could begin in from three to four weeks.

Trinh's statement, like his similar concession of January 28, 1967, came as no surprise, but was part of a complex development indicating worldwide—both communist and non-communist—interests in a negotiated settlement. The most powerful of these has been that of the Soviet Union, which last fall reportedly suggested privately to some U.S. senators that it would actually reduce its military support of North Vietnam if the bombing were stopped (N.Y. Times, Oct. 3, 1967, p. 2). A disputed report from Vientiane on January 4 suggested that "North Vietnam has asked the governments of Laos, Cambodia and Burma if their capitals are available for preliminary peace talks"; meanwhile, officials in Jakarta claimed that in December North Vietnam told Indonesia it would "*promptly* enter into peace talks with the United States after an unconditional bombing cessation," and asked Jakarta to mediate (N.Y. Times, Jan. 5, 1968, p. 3. My emphasis).

Last fall, the National Liberation Front also showed a

*The communists' dramatic success in bringing the war to the cities of South Vietnam indicates the extent to which the balance of forces in the Vietnam war has been altered, for in the past the U.S. has used the optimal military conditions afforded by the dry season for launching its largest offensives.

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renewed interest in diplomatic activity. Reports of its attempts to send observers to the U.N. remain unclear; but Washington sources have confirmed that an NLF Central Committee member arrested by the Saigon police had, according to a previous plan, "been trying to reach American officials" in the U.S. Embassy (N.Y. Times, Dec. 7, 1967). This mysterious incident dramatized the growing split in Saigon over the negotiations issue: the Saigon police are controlled by General Loan of the military Ky faction, which has been increasingly fearful of secret moves to facilitate talks, not only by elements in the U.S. Embassy, but even by President Thieu. The New York Times reported that on January 5 the pro-Ky generals of the former military junta met with Thieu and accused him ". . . of yielding to pressure from Washington by secretly agreeing to talks that would include members of the Vietcong despite his public statements to the contrary" (N.Y. Times, Jan. 11, 1968).

[JOHNSON'S BUREAUCRATIC PLURALISM: LETTING DOVES TALK WHILE HAWKS BOMB]

INDEED, IT MAY BE SAID that the forces for a negotiated settlement, inside America as well as outside, are probably stronger than they have ever before been. It would seem one could thus expect a favorable response from Washington to Foreign Minister Trinh's statement. Unfortunately, however, we have already seen evidence that this, like similar statements in the past, will go unanswered.

Firstly, even if there is growing civilian support for a bombing pause, the United States military is united against it. Perhaps the most reliable exponent of military thinking in recent months has been U.S. News and World Report; and it reported that President Johnson, between November 13 and 17, had promised the Joint Chiefs of Staff that bombing would be stepped up, with "no prolonged pause unless Hanoi decides it is ready to reciprocate" (Nov. 27, 1967, p. 50). (This crucial word "reciprocate" has been consistently used to summarize those rigid conditions for cessation which Johnson had ostensibly abandoned in his San Antonio speech.) This would follow the pattern of previous "peace initiatives" by the United States in which Johnson's concessions to dove-ish rhetoric have been balanced, and in the end frustrated, by substantive concessions to hawkish militarism. This has always been his special brand of bureaucratic pluralism: to let the doves talk while the hawks bomb. Thus it is plausible to believe U.S. News's statement that Johnson has already vetoed an unconditional bombing cessation, even while making public verbal concessions towards one.

There is a much more concrete and substantial reason for believing this is so. As in the case of previous New Year's peace initiatives, this one has already been answered by a significant selective escalation of the bombing. From January 2 to January 5, 1968, U.S. planes flew unprecedentedly intensive raids against previously restricted targets: a bridge near the Chinese border (which reportedly had not been bombed since 1966) and also a Soviet ship in Haiphong harbor.

A year ago, in commenting in The Nation (Jan. 16, 1967) on similar raids against Hanoi in violation of a covert diplomatic understanding between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, I was unwilling to lend credence to Hanoi's version of those raids; however, this story was later corroborated by independent Western observers. This year both Hanoi and Moscow claimed that the bombing of the Soviet ship (which Washington has since called "accidental") was in fact a careful maneuver executed by four U.S. planes flying in formation; they left a ring of delayed-action bombs surrounding the ship in such a way as to maximize both damage and casualties. A Chinese ship in Campha harbor was also bombed.

It is clear that, in the wake of an important political statement in Hanoi, the political consequences of such selective bombings are vastly more significant than the military ones. Today, when so few targets remain on the President's restricted list, it is no longer clear whose authorization is needed for such escalations, nor is it clear that they represent a break with the bombing policies of the past. From 1965 to 1967, however, the politically sensitive targets of the Hanoi-Haiphong areas required the special authorization of the President: "Washington Department of State sources" admitted in 1965 that "the North Vietnamese had always held . . . that the bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area would close the door on the possibility of a negotiated peace" (St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Dec. 29, 1965).

From December 1965 to April 1967, selective bombings in these areas were used sparingly, and such escalations can be discerned at four critical stages: December 15, 1965; April 17, 1966; June 29, 1966; December 2, 5, 13 and 14, 1966. *Every one of these selective escalations came shortly after a major secret initiative to achieve a negotiated settlement of the war.* Furthermore, for the period in question, I do not know of a single such initiative that was not soon followed by this special kind of escalation.

[A HISTORY LESSON: THE DEATH OF OPERATION MARIGOLD]

FOR EXAMPLE, THE FIRST STEP in a series of peace moves begun in the spring of 1966, was a secret initiative by a third party who had visited Hanoi: in this case the Polish ICC representative Lewandowski. On June 6, 1966, Lewandowski called on Ambassador Lodge in Saigon with news of a renewed Hanoi interest in peace efforts. Encouraged by Lodge's show of interest, he first returned to Hanoi, and then met with Lodge and the Italian ambassador on June 9 and 12.

The initiative launched by Lewandowski was so promising that it was destined to acquire an American code name: Operation Marigold. It was such a high-level operation that each U.S. initiative in it required clearance by the President, during a year when each bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area also required his special authorization. The following is a list of all the known stages in the fated blooming of Marigold together with all the known escalations in this sensitive area:

Peace Initiative, June 6, 9, 12: Lewandowski meets Lodge.

Bombing, June 29: Oil depots outside Hanoi and Haiphong are bombed for first time.

Peace Initiative, July 1-December 1: No activity on Operation Marigold, "for unexplained reasons."

Bombing, July 1-December 2: No U.S. air activity reported near Hanoi or Haiphong.

Peace Initiative, December 1: Lewandowski returns to Lodge with ten-point version of his understanding of how to end the war. Lodge cables Washington, December 2. Lodge, authorized by Washington, tells Lewandowski "that broadly speaking" the ten points are "not inconsistent with the United States view" but "parts needed to be defined and discussed

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between the U.S. and North Vietnam." Lewandowski on same day proposes meeting in Warsaw on December 6.

Bombing, December 2, 5: Closest raids to Hanoi since June 29; strike targets previously on forbidden list.

Peace Initiative, December 6: North Vietnamese do not attend rendezvous with Americans in Warsaw. Americans request rescheduling of talks. Polish Foreign Minister Rapacki warns U.S. Ambassador Gronouski that any further raids will kill chances for meeting. Talks provisionally rescheduled for December 15.

Bombing, December 13, 14: New U.S. raids bomb many targets in central Hanoi, including Peking Embassy. (On December 15, Peking Radio condemns bombings as "part and parcel" of the U.S.-USSR "big 'peace talk' plot.")

On December 15 the North Vietnamese again failed to appear in Warsaw, and Operation Marigold, thanks to the renewed bombings, was not again revived. The bombings of Hanoi also ceased until the strategic air escalations of next April. (Haiphong was, however, bombed once more: on March 11, 1967, after U Thant's return on March 7 with a new message after contacts with North Vietnamese in Rangoon.) There is no record of other secret initiatives in this period.

[THE "PEACE" POLICIES OF LBJ: NO NEGOTIATION BUT SURRENDER]

IF THESE RAIDS WERE in fact authorized by the President as regulations demanded, they would suggest that he was only interested in negotiations with an opponent who had crawled to the conference table under the very circumstances that the opponent had previously ruled out. In other words, the raids suggest Johnson was interested in no negotiation other than that of surrender.

The other alternative—that he did *not* authorize the raids—is no less alarming: it would suggest that our military is no longer under civilian control.

Whatever else may remain hidden from the public record on these initiatives and bombings, there is no doubt that these strange "coincidences" were responsible for the failure of Operation Marigold. There is also no doubt that the subsequent events of early 1967 read like a caricature of 1966, until the selective escalation had again been followed by a strategic one. First Ambassador Goldberg announced at New Year's that "We are ready to order a prior end to all bombing of North Vietnam the moment there is an assurance, private or otherwise, that there would be [i.e. after the order] a reciprocal response toward peace from North Vietnam. . . . We continue to believe that peace can come to Vietnam in one of two ways: through deeds, such as a mutual cessation or reduction of hostilities, or through discussions" (N.Y. Times, Jan. 1, 1967, p. 2).

Again there was a flurry of international activities involving U Thant, the Russians and the Pope. Again there was a marked de-escalation of the ground war, as General Wheeler himself testified: "The number, size and duration of enemy attacks has fallen off. . . . Of late . . . they've not been seeking combat. In other words, our people have been the ones who have been going out and finding them and starting an engagement" (U.S. News and World Report, Feb. 27, 1967, pp. 39, 42).

And again the American inquiry was answered: on January 28 Foreign Minister Trinh suggested publicly that "there could be discussions between the DRV and the United States," but only after an unconditional cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam. In other words, the other side had once more offered both verbal and military "signs" of the kind that the United States had asked for. And once more this was attributed to enemy weakness. The Trinh statement was answered on February 15 by Johnson's refusal to stop bombing in exchange for talks, until he was "assured that infiltration into land and sea has stopped" (i.e. *before* the order to stop bombing); and this letter was followed by a major strategic escalation in February and March.

[THE HAWKS AS POLICY MAKERS, 1954-1968]

THUS, IN THE PAST, the chances of peace have been frustrated by selective and then strategic escalations of the war, and the two together have had the effect of defining, by deeds more loudly than words, a U.S. rejection of meaningful peace objectives. For America—which originally refused to agree to the final Geneva Declaration of 1954, and has since spent so many billions in the frustration of the Geneva Agreements—escalation has remained the consistent response to a "peace scare."

The underlying reason for this is not hard to find. It is clear that the NLF, if finally negotiated with, must secure something like the political settlement its members were promised in 1954. As Neil Sheehan of the New York Times has reported: "The Communist Party is the one truly national organization that permeates both North and South Vietnam; it is the only group not dependent on foreign bayonets for survival." Saigon officials still feel, as one admitted a year ago, that they "are not strong enough to compete with the Communists on a purely political basis."

Not only war, but escalation, has been necessary to preserve the so-called Saigon "Republic." Since 1961 the Pentagon has been looking for that elusive "light at the end of the tunnel," and today their prospects are as somber as ever. In January 1968 the initiative in the ground war has passed wholly to the communists, who have for the first time launched general attacks against cities and forced the U.S. bombing of Saigon itself. In past Januaries the United States has used the brief dry season for massive "search-and-destroy" sweeps such as Operations Masher (1966) and Cedar Falls (1967); this year it is desperately shuffling troops in anticipation of a possible "Dien Bien Phu" in the Khe Sanh area.

As the determination of the Viet Cong forces becomes more and more apparent, so does that of our hawks for a wider war. In 1964 they wished to win in the North the war that was being lost in the South; today, with their list of bombing targets almost exhausted, they are talking of a ground war in Laos or Cambodia. The Pueblo incident has already supplied the occasion for the partial mobilization of reserves they have been demanding. Only a comparable escalation by the American anti-war movement can prevent the most recent calls for an end to the bombing—and a Geneva solution—from being drowned again in the noise of a still wider war.

—February 5, 1968

Peter Dale Scott, assistant professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley, is a co-author of The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam.

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Belles-Lettres

Books:

FAKING IT

by Louis Goldberg

IN READING MATTHEW ARNOLD as a child genius, I experienced that same Shock of Recognition Melville described so well to Hawthorne in an oft-quoted letter: "For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." This, of course, was written in a day when the great works of the imagination did not occupy—as they do in the contemporary '60s—three columns of type in a monthly journal of opinion. I was, indeed, on the threshold of a new era, and, while lesser geniuses were cramming their heads with contemporary fiction, I realized that the novel was dead, and with Arnold as my model, began training myself in the only honorable profession open to me under the circumstances—book reviewing.

My development, in a sense, was quite the opposite of Norman Podhoretz's (*Making It*. Random House. 365 pp. $6.95). Norman, as a young man, was enamored with poetry and mistakenly, if bravely, considered it a viable path to residence in the pantheon of immortals gleaming upon Mt. Parnassus. Later, as a student at Columbia, he was discouraged in his poetic effusions by a famous teacher of creative writing, my friend Lionel Trilling. When Norman came to me with his dreams in his hands like the pieces of a broken doll, I quoted Benjamin Franklin to him: "I approved for my part of amusing oneself with poetry now and then, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther." I then advised him to take up a serious occupation such as book reviewing. As Norman was a bright boy I had no trouble at all convincing him that poetry was as dead as the novel and the only sure way to $25,000 a year and greatness was to edit a major monthly.

"Norman," I said, "if only America had a Westminster Abbey, and we could be buried there along with the great novelists and poets and book reviewers. I can see the names now: Emerson, Melville, Hawthorne, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Wolfe, Kazin, Podhoretz and Goldberg."

Matriculating at Columbia was one of the most satisfying experiences of my life, for which I am deeply grateful to Mrs. S. (thank you, Mrs. S!), who was like the teacher in A. J. Cronin's popular *Shannon's Way*. I continued to write A+ papers throughout my career at Columbia, much to the chagrin of my fellow students who masked their mediocrity in a factitious code of genteel manners, which they claimed did not permit them to earn grades above the gentleman's "A." My only regret, in retrospect, is that I did not attend Johns Hopkins University instead. There, I have since been led to understand, they award the grade of "H." One soon tires of "A+."

As you might expect, I won a fellowship to Cambridge University, where F. R. Leavis published my first "A+" paper of the season in the world's foremost guardian of literary taste, the Hypercritical Review. Quite an honor for a young man of nineteen.

I returned to America two years later, accepted by Harvard once again, expecting this time to do graduate work towards a Ph.D. But, like Jean-Paul Sartre, I suppose, who achieved far greater distinction by turning down the Nobel Prize than would have been his had he accepted it, I once again did not go to Harvard. This time I decided not to go because destiny called, in the form of an invitation to write for Argumentative.

Recognition came in small doses at first: an invitation to referee College Bowl; a chance to challenge Carl Van Doren on the "$64,000 Question"; a few probes from New York publishers interested in signing me up, like a college draft choice, for my first book. Soon the New Yorker, which until then I had always regarded as a vain, lazy, pompous, self-indulgent literary butterfly, a Beau Brummell of the intellect, so to speak, began breaking down my door with requests for book reviews. Suddenly my opinion of the magazine changed, and I began to hold it in high esteem. Also, as I began to assume more and more responsibility at Argumentative, I mapped out a series of articles which brought me to the attention of the Establishment. The New York intellectuals had just lost a fine essayist at shortstop. They sent Mary McCarthy around to scout me. She said, "I like the way you handle yourself, Lou, how would you like a spot on our team?" Does a college ball player look down his nose at the Yankees? More or less ignorant of what I was doing, I accepted her offer. It didn't take me long to learn, however, that the intellectual intrasquad games were the toughest.

At about this time I mapped out the series of articles which justified the early promise on which so much of my career was fabricated. I conceived and executed 12 articles, which I published in monthly installments, discussing and in a sense dismissing the work of Stanley Elkin, Philip Roth, Herbert Gold and Bernard Malamud. In these articles I set out to prove that post-Civil War American literature had reached its zenith, so to speak, not in the Jewish novels of the '60s, but in the reviews of them.

These articles were the talk of the New York Literary Universe for a full year and assured me the respectful attention of posterity. I'll have to admit, however, that I was no longer to be satisfied by respect. Quite frankly, I wanted adulation. I had finally decided that it was

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going to be success or nothing for Louis Goldberg. Unfortunately, among my brilliant colleagues in the Establishment, few actual books were written. All that genius was channeled into the monthly magazines. I've heard it suggested by certain failures that this strange fact was to be expected. They claim that the New York intellectuals wanted to be great more than they wanted to work at it.

This type of conjecture is terribly misleading. The fact is that Dwight McDonald lavishes more time and energy on his essays than ever Milton devoted to *Paradise Lost*. But out of a misguided respect for the hard covers which surround a book in immortality, as it were, these geniuses refuse to commit themselves to the book genre. They feel that until they know all there is to know—until, in fact, the best that has been thought and said in the world has been thought and said by them—they had better not write it down.

I also suffered from a prejudice against the finality implied by the book form. Fortunately, however, I allowed myself to be persuaded by an admiring publisher to put together a book. And so I set about the task of writing my first book, *The Politics of Literature*. I organized the book around my Argumentative book reviews, under the subtitle, "Beyond Art," and concluded with an informal summation, now widely anthologized, entitled, "You Scratch Mine, I'll Scratch Yours."

Much to the regret of book readers everywhere, I did not write "What's Wrong With Jews," my most famous essay, until several months after the publication of *The Politics of Literature*. This essay created the biggest furor in the New York Intellectual World since *Mein Kampf*. The piece originated at a luncheon with Isaac Singer, to whom I mentioned that although as an editor of Argumentative I could be accused by no one of being a bigot, and that although I was as Jewish as he himself, I had had certain experiences in Brownsville with certain Jews which gave me sufficient reason for disliking the Jewish *gestalt*.

"Well," said Isaac, "why don't you write it up."

So I did.

WHEN I WAS A KID in Brownsville in the '30s, being a genius was anything but easy. Genius was legion all over Brooklyn. It sprang up like ragweed. Nevertheless, I was known as the smartest genius living within six blocks of Alfred Kazin, Norman Podhoretz notwithstanding. I was the first kid on my block to read T. S. Eliot. And I read not just "The Wasteland," for which I could take as little credit as for knowing the national anthem of our generation, and not just "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," which your run-of-the-mill Brownsville genius hid between the covers of Lone Ranger comic books during physical education class. No. At the age of twelve I had memorized *Tradition and Individual Talent*, and at the age of fifteen, *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time*. At night I often walked the alleys of Brooklyn reciting Matthew Arnold, and more than once shouted into the teeth of astonished hoodlum gangs, "It is the business of the critical power to see the object as it in itself really is!"

I alone among my teenage contemporaries in Brownsville realized that ours was to be the Age of the Book Review. Whereas, I reasoned, artists would continue to lead their abbreviated lives, to have, if you will, their entrances and exits, they would be, like the son in *Tonio Kroeger*, poor ghosts of their

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former selves. And so, while Kazin was teething on E. E. Cummings and poor Podhoretz was parsing Pound, I was devouring the Times and Commentary.

All claims to the contrary, I was the only one of us who knew anything of Criticism. It was in those early, impressionable years, as a matter of fact, that I promised myself that if I had not become a great book reviewer by the age of twenty-five I would commit suicide.

Now, of course, I can look down from the heights of my Madison Avenue office on all the literary vermin struggling on Grub Street, trying to protect their banal little art treasures, with a certain satisfaction. Over the years I have learned that the journey from Brownsville to Madison Avenue cannot be made by car or bus or subway; you have to take the helicopter of genius. I now know, as I did not 20 years ago, that America's class system is the merit system. It took me years to learn this lesson, years of enduring the ruthless probing of ravenously intelligent maiden aunts, who, like the sex-mad women in Henry Miller's novels, zeroed in on my Gifts, my Talents, my IQ and Merit Scores as though they were my truly precious genitalia.

Finally, however, I made it. I arrived. At the age of forty-five I am the youngest Editor-in-Chief in the history of Argumentative, a thriving journal of opinion. Even the literary style you are now witnessing was invented by me for Argumentative in 1955. By deftly balancing information, that end-all-be-all of the charming Gradgrinds of the contemporary '60s (an allusion to Dickens' novel, *Hard Times*), in whom the Joe Friday mentality of the Age is regally displayed with startling, insightful opinion, I am able to astound the Establishment and justify my magnificent reputation as a book reviewer. In the course of my career, I have further learned that greatness is a burden only the great can carry. Thus, I know I am great, for the obvious reason that if I weren't I would have been crushed by the sheer weight of my own genius long ago. Furthermore, it augments my satisfaction to know that Argumentative, at its present rate of growth, will soon cease to be a magazine and become an industry.

As I gaze back on my short but fruitful career as a book reviewer, I have few regrets. I soon learned, as I'm afraid few of the young men down in the street ever

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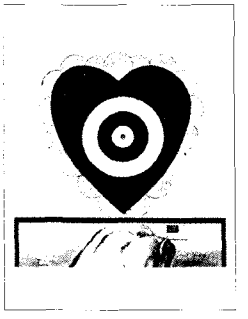

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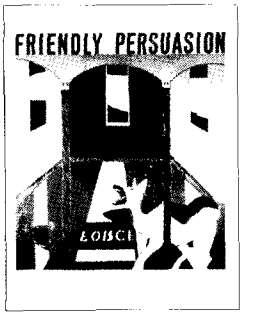

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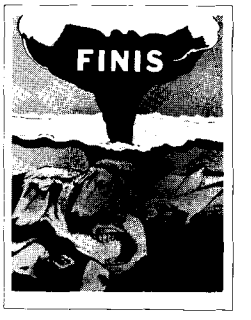

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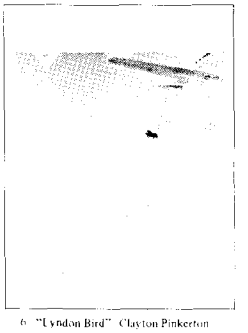

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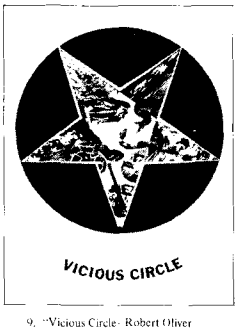

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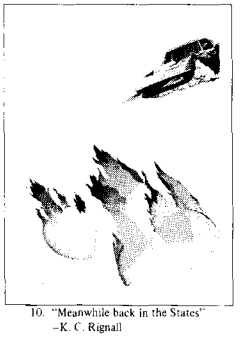

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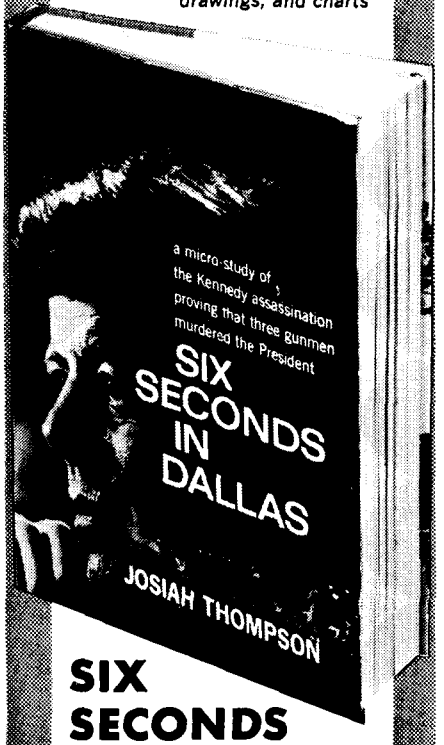

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will, that it is better to be a success than a failure, despite the hue and cry against prostituting oneself. Most of such bunk is the propaganda of the failures, who, of course, being in the vast majority, are able to set up a loud outcry. However, the failures have very little access to the printing presses. Nor do they have, as I do, an enormous apartment on Central Park East, famous friends, or a chauffeur-driven limousine. None of them believe, as every emerging success story must, in the star system of Letters. They will never edit a classy magazine and see their names surrounded by boxes on the credit page, as though it were surrounded by lights on the Marquee of Intellect, a sign, in its way, as arresting as ETHEL MERMAN hanging 15 feet out over Broadway. But then, most of them will never learn that it's not so much what you do that counts, but how proud you are of it.

Louis Goldberg, a reticent Success Story in the literary Establishment, prefers to be known by his work in the rights department of a Major Publisher.

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DEAR ME AND OTHER TALES FROM MY NATIVE SWEDEN. *By Edita Morris. New York: George Braziller. 184 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

THERE ARE TIMES when I get absolutely fed up with the whole racket of the commercial publishing world in the United States, daily becoming more and more involved with our corporate life and our entertainment industries, so that even the book advertisements begin to resemble the movie advertisements. (And our movies stink, mainly, when compared with the generally high level of European pictures.) We are one of the few decadent cultures, as my son, a young historian, recently told me, without a decadent tradition of art; that is the American way.

These thoughts came to mind when I was about to express my pleasure in finding anything so good (and so European in essence) as Edita Morris's new collection of stories. Now I know Edita is a kind of "High Swede," as Jakov Lind once described her; I know her tormented and horrifying book, *Flowers of Hiroshima*, which has become an international classic and was recently put on stage in East Berlin. But I did not know, I never could have guessed, how really talented she is just as a writer, as an artist. These stories of her youth in Sweden are delicate and light in texture; yet they are passionate, tragic, joyous, tormented, often utterly pagan and even savage in a way that is a pleasure to read. They are a curious combination of Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence, say, and of Sherwood Anderson. Like the best tales of Anderson, they can make you stop reading because you find yourself in tears—something that is rarely achieved in contemporary writing.

They reminded me of two recent Swedish movies, "My Sister, My Love," and "Loving Couples." They are explicitly and openly sexual, and no holds, so to speak, are barred. (Or rather, as in

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the movies mentioned, all sexual holds of whatever nature are accepted, so long as they contain genuine feeling.)

I had not realized that the long, dark, melancholy Swedish winters had such passionate and pagan springtimes. In the beautiful story called "Kullan," which concerns an indomitable maiden from the poor and forested northerly county of Dalecarlia, the spring season literally becomes her triumph, her undoing if you like, her victory. All winter long she takes perfect care of two refined Victorian ladies and their genteel boarders. She becomes indispensable. On the first of May she takes her spring bath: "This was a thing of long tradition; solemnly and in a fitting manner must the spring bath be taken. Clean as an eye opening in resurrection after death should people be when spring shines upon them after the long winter's terror."

She goes to the open-air dances, her mind filled with the memory of the green skirts of Noret's girls in the spring—green from lying in the grassy ditches with "Noret's beautiful boys." All that spring the respectable ladies whom she has been serving are confounded by the noises and laughter in Kullen's room. And when she leaves to bear her child in her home county, she is just as bold, merry, confident and competent as when she first came seeking a winter's job.

What sets off most of the people, and mainly the women, in Edita Morris's Swedish tales is their fundamental accord with nature's rhythms—a quality almost extinct in contemporary letters, and, if I may say so, with animal life itself: the predominance of emotion over reason, and of almost generic rather than personal emotions.

There is the merry, beautiful, charming and tubercular Aunt Ninna, who is disgraced when she takes her young cousin Staffan to bed with her, who tolerates her funny-looking Doctor Borger because he is so madly in love with her and tries so desperately to save her life. And in the title story of the collection, Edita Morris wittily rings the changes on the phrase "dear me," as a young Swedish girl discovers the power of her own beauty and physical charms. Lotta has been conditioned to a life of poverty and hard work; her Aunt Irma applauds her moral diligence in seeking a career while her rich uncle Viktor smiles discreetly. It is only when Lotta studies her aunt's handsome body, her expensively waved hair, her spoiled and useless habits, and when her aunt's romantic friend, Assessor Vikstrand, pays surreptitious little attentions to her, that Lotta begins to wonder about the virtues of poverty, work, a career—and suddenly decides to live another way.

But Lotta is also in a rage over the hard lot of poor working women, the soft and spoiled ways of rich wives and mistresses, even as she abandons her comrades in misery. There is a natural vein of decency, justice and moral righteousness running through these tales of men and women of the old world. (In their dominant vein of pagan gaiety, they remind me also of our own contemporary writer, Maude Hutchins.)

Perhaps these are the best tales in *Dear Me*, but there is also the macabre and fantastic story, almost surrealistic in tone, about a beautiful idiot child who transforms the sluggard and filthy village of Lycka, and whose death by the expensive red automobile of the town's capitalist foreshadows the end of this "backward" Swedish environment.

That is the special quality of this collection, just as it marked Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, in the period just before America's peak of indus-

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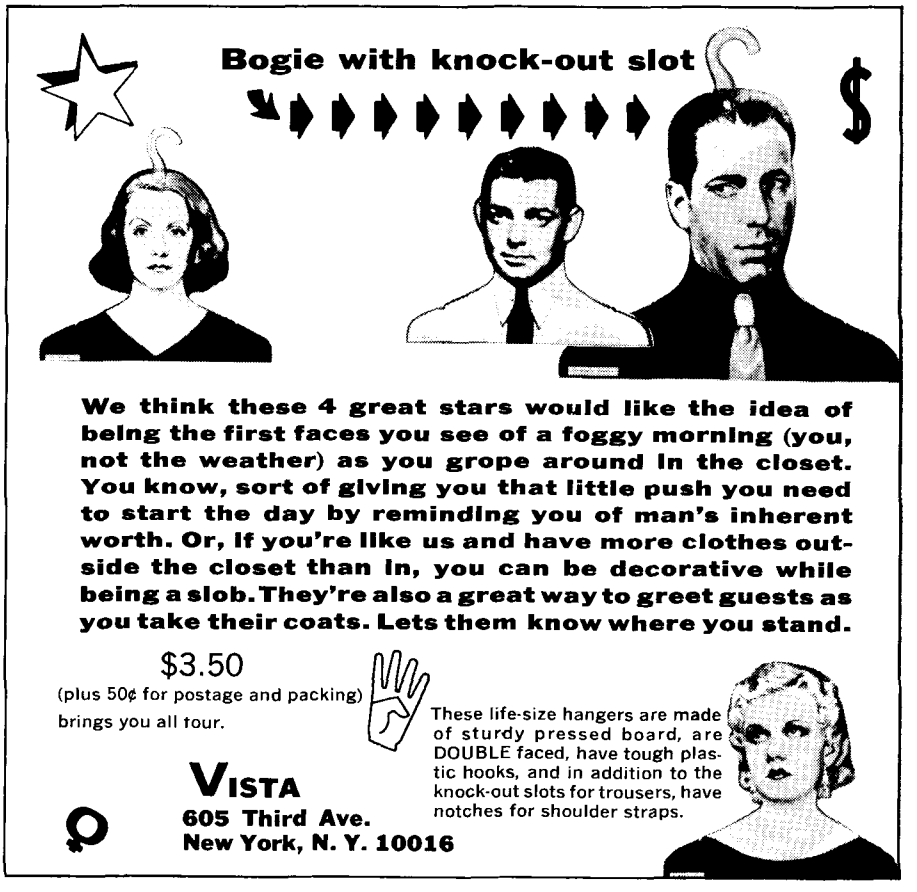

We think these 4 great stars would like the idea of being the first faces you see of a foggy morning (you, not the weather) as you grope around in the closet. You know, sort of giving you that little push you need to start the day by reminding you of man's inherent worth. Or, if you're like us and have more clothes outside the closet than in, you can be decorative while being a slob. They're also a great way to greet guests as you take their coats. Lets them know where you stand.

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trialization. Was life better then, were people really more human in the villages than in the cities? I don't know, but I think our writers were better: more human and more concerned with human destiny. And it is this quality, too, which marks off this delicious, nostalgic and memorable collection of stories about Edita Morris's youth—her youth in *My Native Sweden*, another provincial note of pride, affection and love, hardly to be noticed today.

Movies:

"FAR FROM VIETNAM"

Reviewed by R. G. Davis

"FAR FROM VIETNAM" is a collection of statements on the war made by Europe's leading film makers. It begins with quiet footage of bombs being loaded into jets on flat-tops by young, blue-denimed Navy youth. A relaxed announcer says: "The American military machine drops 1000 tons of bombs a day on North Vietnam."

I figured the film would take its lead from the title because "far away" is where we are really at. Not so. We see footage of North Vietnamese peasants (beautiful pastels), some American and also Viet Cong fighting, and unfortunately much of protest demonstrations (a "Parade is a Parade is a Parade"—Lindsay's famous observation on the pro-war demonstration in New York), including shots of the anti-war demonstration of April 15. This footage was boring. It was indeed far from Vietnam, but also far from the war's source of interest.

The most memorable part of this imperfect film was Jean Luc Godard's statement: "... they wouldn't let me into North Vietnam so I turned the reality of Vietnam into myself . . . we must fight against oppressive authority, we must resist aggression in our lives. . . ." This was the most important statement of the film, certainly the point which can lead others to understand the world through Vietnam. The only section similar in impact to Godard's interview was an afternoon with the widow and children of Norman Morrison, the Quaker who immolated himself.

The problem with the film is that its point of view begins in one direction and takes off in another, shifts gears, includes the opposite position, then comments upon that position, all the while confused by documentary evidence of war with increased frenetic cutting and cartoon-like pop shots, bang, zap 2, 3, 1. END WOW! What happened?

One section was devoted to the *crise de conscience* of a French writer (Alain Resnais contributed this piece of melodrama). The *crise de conscience* is an important current in art circles, even in the United States. It is true that some painters have quit and that writers have dropped out, but just as important, art forms like Cinema Verité, or documentaries, or "objective techniques" are becoming obviously futile in an imperialist society. This film proves by its technical adeptness that documentation is impossible; the most important and successful sections are those which are contrived.

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fake documentary like "Battle of Algiers" with "not one foot of newsreel stock" is more of a "documentary" than a news film. We can play with any technique on film or on stage. The problem with "Far from Vietnam" is that it wavers between techniques, and thus directions. Godard's statement is mitigated by newsreels of fighting, even jazzed-up newsreels, and too-long coverage of protest marches.

The film could be cut 30 minutes or lengthened to seven hours. It could have been an exhausting panorama of situations exposed by the Vietnam holocaust. Andy Warhol's technique with balls. And I almost expected the film editor to take the risk of barreling on for seven hours. But somewhere in the middle he made a movie for sale, a movie with a "message."

Should people see this film? Yes, in place of TV. Is it good? It could be better. If the film were seven hours in length, done in a low key like a Sartrean crustacean investigation (Godard's aesthetic) it might have been a masterpiece, because we who are very, very far from Vietnam would have to live through seven hours instead of two headlines or two minutes as TV dictates. Facing the emotional, psychological, economic, aesthetic, political crises of this war (if such unity is possible) would have been a magnificent creative act to spring upon an audience. Or, if you appreciate brevity, then cut 30 minutes and hit at least one nail. The eclectic scatter with all points of view being represented is what begs to be changed. Color footage of war action is ineffectual: burned kids will do, or burning civilians, or aesthetically pleasing bomb placement by clean-cut kids, but battle scenes and protest marchers will not.

The editor wavers between too long and too short, between direct confrontation with film makers' moral crises and fancy collage, fast cuts and tricky pictures. It wavers between "Far From Vietnam" and Up Front in Vietnam, between factual documented opposition and pictures of amorphous pro-war demonstrators. (We know they are honkies!)

The difficulty with the eclectic open-minded statement is that one is trapped in the basket of junk called an "objective point of view," or what may be termed the "liberal aesthetic." We see it in the work of many recently politically awakened artists.

Presented with the partial totality of impressions about Vietnam, and contradictory points of view (we who live with TV, the New York Times and trash media are bombarded with the same trivia daily), we select no action as significant and therefore sit stupefied as before, trying to remember what Godard said that was valuable.

R. G. Davis is the director of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Diaries:

SANTA RITA JOURNAL

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

SANTA RITA REHABILITATION CENter, January 4, 1968—what are we doing here in this dank tank? Probing the limits of legitimate political dissent in this unenlightened country? Nonviolent gesture of blocking the entrance to war at Oakland Army Induction Center hereby judged beyond that

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limit. Rehabilitate us, please . . . First rough impressions of anybody's first time in jail: suddenly realizing what "incarcerated" really means. Paranoid fear of the unknown, fear of not knowing what's going to happen to your body, fear of getting thrown in The Hole. . . . Routine of being booked, fingerprinted, mugged, shunted from bullpen to bullpen itself a shock for any "first offender." . . . Naive vestigial illusions about the inherent goodness of man fly out the barred window. . . . From Oakland jail, shunted through a series of sealed boxes, the first on wheels—long gray bus, windows blinded, 50 inmates behind locked grate, the freeway where yesterday we rode free now visible only through holes in grate. . . . Prison sighted half hour later on a forlorn plain at Pleasanton. . . . Barbed wire fences and watchtowers. Poor man's concentration camp? . . . Shunted through another series of holding cells, several more hours of not knowing one's immediate fate, just as likely you'll be put in "Graystone" maximum security pen as in General Compound. . . . I take the easier way out: I don't refuse to shave or work. Reforming the prison system is another issue. Rather have a pen than a beard (and so keep this journal). Pen mightier than beard. Opportunity to infiltrate general prison population with nonviolent ideas? Another naive liberal illusion!

The prison is about two-thirds black, and the other third is Mexican, Pachuco and white North American. They've got their own problems and their own enemies, and they've no use for "nonviolence." The jungle is full of felons and, as for the war, most of them have the attitudes of their jailers and think what we're doing in Vietnam is great, violence being one way of life they fully understand. This sure deflates the myth promoted by Our President equating anti-war demonstrations with "crime in the streets" and with ghetto wars. If there were any blacks busted this time at the Oakland Induction Center, I didn't see them. (And if I were black, in Oakland, I'd stay away too). . . .

JANUARY 5—There's not a political prisoner in my barracks. The most "uncooperative" of the demonstrators are in Graystone, two in a cell or in The Hole on bread and skimmed milk. A larger group is in Compound 8 with no privileges and a meal-and-a-half a day. A little incident happened today when they were marching back from the mess hall. The last in the line suddenly went limp and sat down in the middle of the Compound street. He was a kid of about 20 with medium-long hair he'd refused to cut. One officer ran up to him and tried to make him get up. He would not. The officer made a signal and four other officers wearing black leather gloves came at the double up the center of the street from the gate. They had no guns or night sticks. Each took an arm or a leg of the boy and started dragging him. He was a big kid, and they couldn't get his tail off the ground. They got him out of sight in a hurry. When I got back to barracks, someone had an Oakland Tribune with a photo of four Marines carrying a dead Marine buddy away from a Vietnam battlefield in the same style. . . .

JANUARY 6—I told them I had printing experience, and they put me stencilling pants! "Santa Rita" in pure white on every pair. "Gives us something to aim at!" the deputy told me, laughing, sighting his fingers at the stencil marks. Very funny. Holy prison, named for a Spanish saint. . . . Goya should have seen a place like this. He did, he did. Goya faces in the morning chowline, a thousand of them sticking out of blue denims, out of Goya's "Disasters of War." These are the disasters of peace. Down rows and rows of long wooden tables, half of skid row mixed with Oakland ghettos and the backwash of various nearby penitentiaries, long-term cons now here hung up on short-term crimes—petty boosters, bad check artists, child molesters, freeway drag-racers, car thieves, armed robbers, mail frauds, sex-freaks, winos, hypes, pushers, you name it. And political prisoners. . . . Sit swine-like at the trough, gobbling the chow from metal trays. Great place to keep from getting too refined; dig these myriad beat faces. . . . Here comes "Orfeo"—very handsome young Negro dude with a fine great black beard. Walked out of a Genet prison novel. Just stood there smiling like a black angel without wings when they told him to shave or get thrown in The Hole. They came back later and took him away. Now he shows up again in the mess hall, looking as wild and

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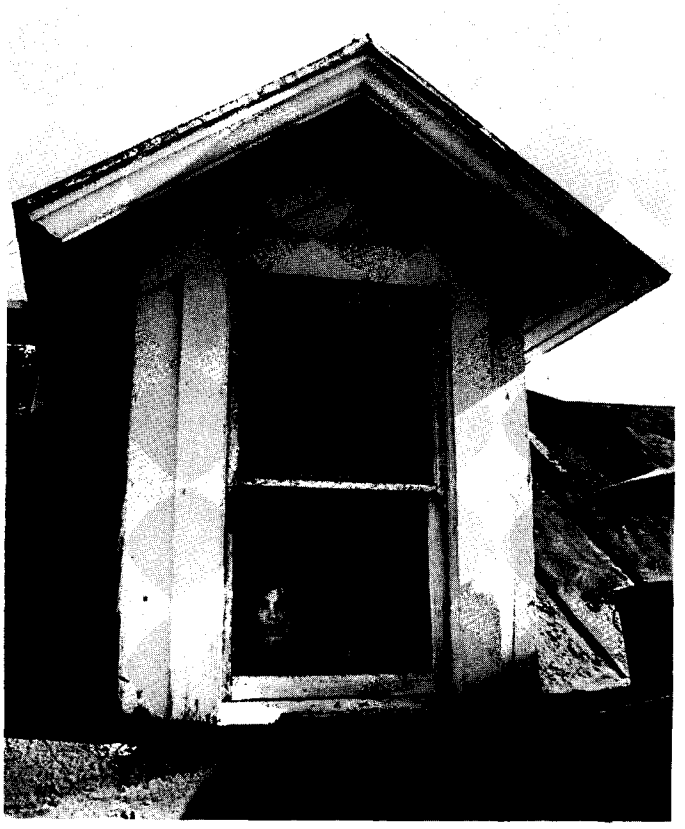

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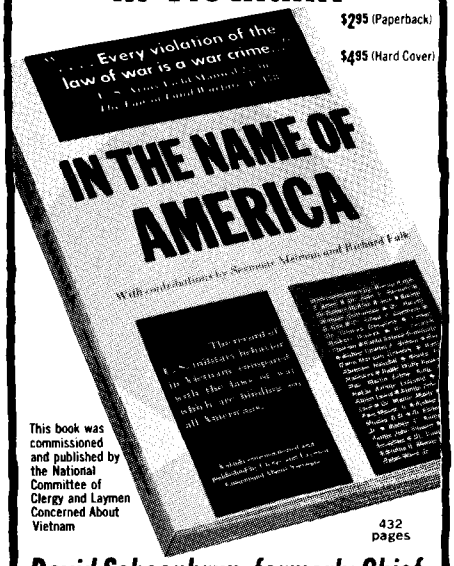
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gentle as ever. I believe he is truly mad and they know it. I don't believe he understood anything they told him. They let him keep his beard. He'll fly away over the rooftops one day, to a shack on a hillside above Rio and live with a beautiful mulatto and tend goats, blowing a wreathed horn. And the horn full of grass. . . .

Another face in the gallery across the table from me: enormous ragged gray head, with hogshead snout, on a 200-pound body in ragged jeans. Great hams of white hands. But the face, the face: white stubble from shaggy hair to throat, rum-pot eyes. Small pig-eyes, but not mean looking. Just dumb and staring. This is what has become of "The Man with the Hoe." Long, heavy jaw with great, protruding rows of white teeth. Grunted and snuffled as he slurped his pancakes. When he called for the coffee pitcher, his voice came out in a thin squeal. Man, what have you done to this man? Man, who made you like that? Man, has Mother ever seen you, seen what has become of you? Man, you still alive inside? (I hear your stentor breath.) Man, are you to be born again? Live again, love again? Man. Who is there to redeem you. Fidel Castro? The true revolutionary, Fidel said, is one whose first concern is the *redemption* of mankind. . . . Faces fallen out of wombs somewhere, long ago. Now rolled down streets and come to rest among writhing bodies in a painting by Bosch, Garden of Paradise. . . . Feed and shuffle out, doubles of models Goya used in a Toledo madhouse. "By Graystone's foetid walls." . . . One doesn't eat here to consume food; one eats to consume time. And time is life. . . .

JANUARY 7 — Sunday in the Compound, and "religious services": let them explain away the existence of evil here. The older one gets, the more one learns to believe in the very real existence of evil. This place proves it. The making of criminals. The redemption of mankind? The rehabilitation of man? They put 19-year-old Judith Bloomberg and Joan Baez on bread and milk for three days. (On the men's side, Gary Lisman fasted for 12 days.) These kids are the greatest. They are busted for disturbing the "peace" and are hauled away. They plead *nolo contendere*. They do not wish to contend. They are telling their elders they can have it. They are telling the Establishment that they want nothing to do with its power structure and refuse even to dispute the legal terms of that evil. . . . As long as there are guns, they will shoot, telescopically. . . . At the weekly movie tonight, the inmates spy Joan Baez through a crack in the curtain hiding the balcony where the women prisoners sit. A hundred felons turn and raise their hands in the Peace Sign and shout, "We love you, Joan!"

JANUARY 8–The Enormous Room of my barracks: a black inmate is reading "Synanon" (the place is full of junkies). He doesn't realize what an elite place Synanon may be. Diedrich, the founder, must have read Hermann Hesse's *Magister Ludi* (the Bead Game) and seized upon the conception of an elite world-within-a-world depicted by Hesse in Germany—Castallia being the name of the German intellectual elite created to govern society, with its own special *esprit de corps*, its own hierarchy, its own pecking order —a self-contained world of its own— Synanon also having developed its own cadre of first leaders framed on the wall, approval and status in its society dependent on length of residence, etc., the drug user rejected by the outside straight world here able to reject that society himself in favor of Synanon's own hierarchy: the Bead Game on its own level. And the prison system with its own Bead Game. . . . Shigeyoshi Murao comes to see me during visiting hours and tells me it looks just like the prisoner of war camps they kept Nisei in during World War Two.

JANUARY 9—Obscenity: violation of the Penal Code: today in the Commissary line when I tried to exchange a word with Dr. Lee Rather (a political prisoner), Officer Dykes hollered at me: "Get your fucking ass out of here, you motherfucker!"

JANUARY 10—Back in the barracks, the sealed life goes on. We are on some blind ship, all portholes sealed. Siren sounds and loudspeaker barks. Up for the count. Then down again, felon shipmates stretched in their bunks, staring at the overhead. . . . You spend a lot of time staring at nothing in a place like this. Great place to develop the Tragic Sense of Life.

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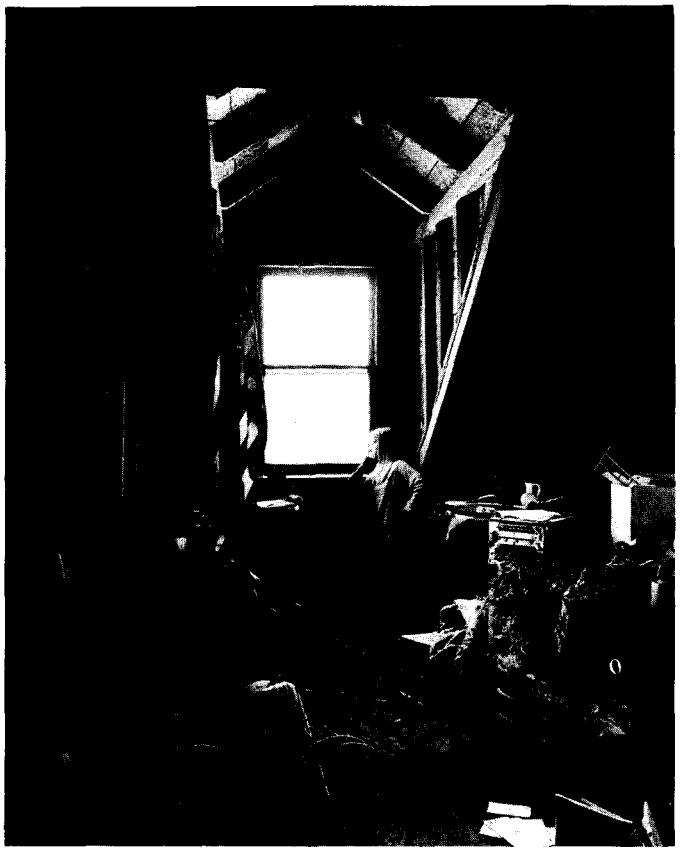

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LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90027

"Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" comes over the barracks radio, and I picture myself in a boat on a river, where newspaper taxis await on the shore, waiting to take me away. . . .

JANUARY 11—Awakened at exactly three a.m. by a guard with a flashlight and told to get up and stand by my bunk. "You're going to court today." From three to eight a.m. I wait in a bullpen with over 50 other inmates going to court. The cell is 20 by 20, and over half the inmates have to stand up all that time. I talk to one black felon who has been gotten up like this three days in a row, and if he wants to fight his case this is the way he can do it. . . . Life goes on at Santa Rita. Or death. . . . I got the Santa Rita blues. . . .

AFTERTHOUGHTS and vituperations: Really realize how a hole like this literally makes criminals: 18-year-old first-offender thrown in for disturbing society's deep sleep now making his first hard connection with hard drugs (they are shooting it up in the john!) and enforced homosexuality (bend over, buddy!) . . . .

Guards with hard-edge voices careful not to show any human feelings for inmates, on the watch for the slightest lack of obsequiousness on the part of prisoners, now and then goading them a bit with a choice obscenity . . . a slip of the tongue in return, and you're in The Hole with your tongue hanging out. . . .

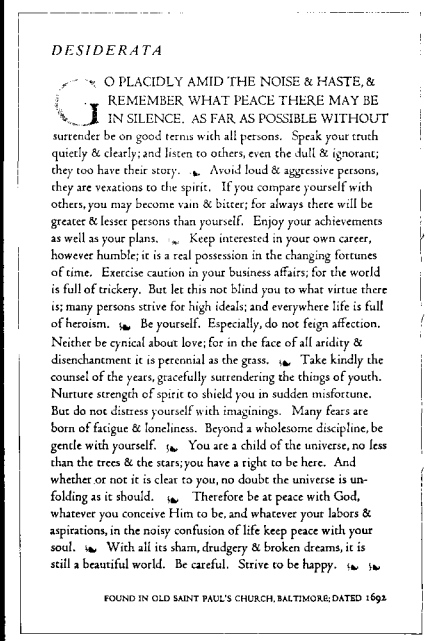
Plus mail officers with German names withholding mail and books at will, first class letters opened and censored. . . . Working in the mailroom I note two books (sent directly to an inmate from City Lights Bookstore) withheld: Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* and *Black Power*. . . . Burn, baby, burn—but in here, baby, it's you who'll be burning. . . .

Unhappy Dehabilitation Center, man-made excrescence befouling the once-beautiful landscape in the shadow of distant Mount Diablo: Devil's mount!

If only revolution can blot out such scenes, let there be revolution; but not a revolution of hate leading in the end to just another super-state. . . .

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a San Francisco poet, is best known for Coney Island of the Mind (*New Directions*).

POSTERS &



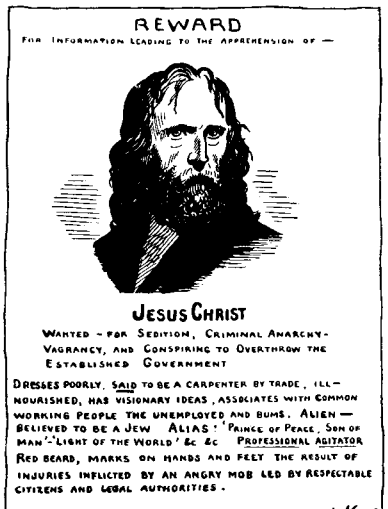
DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ❧ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ❧ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ❧ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ❧ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ❧ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ❧ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ❧ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ❧ ❧

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE; DATED 1692

(Poster, on parchment: 12½x22½. Trump Card: 6x9) DESIDERATA

(11¼x35, on parchment) THOU SHALT NOT KILL; also, not shown: "BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."


REWARD
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION OF —
JESUS CHRIST
WANTED - FOR SEDITION, CRIMINAL ANARCHY - VAGRANCY, AND CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT
DRESSES POORLY, SAID TO BE A CARPENTER BY TRADE, ILL-NOURISHED, HAS VISIONARY IDEAS, ASSOCIATES WITH COMMON WORKING PEOPLE THE UNEMPLOYED AND BUMS. ALIEN — BELIEVED TO BE A JEW ALIAS 'PRINCE OF PEACE, SON OF MAN' - 'LIGHT OF THE WORLD' &c &c PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR
RED BEARD, MARKS ON HANDS AND FEET THE RESULT OF INJURIES INFLICTED BY AN ANGRY MOB LED BY RESPECTABLE CITIZENS AND LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

(14x20) CHRIST'S REWARD

(Poster: 23x29. Trump Card: 6x9) KARMA

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